Sir Thomas Overbury

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS

of New Characters, and many other Witty Conceits never before Printed.

The seventeenth Impression.

LONDON,
Printed by Peter Lillicrap for Philip Chetwin. 1664.

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To the Reader

THe generall acceptance of this matchlesse Poem the Wife, (written by Sir THOMAS OVERBURIE) is sufficiently approved by many: the worth whereof if any other out of malice shall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticisme) be excluded as a Churlish Retainer to the Muses: if from direct plain dealing, he shall be degraded for insufficiency. For had such a Poem been extant among the ancient Romans, although they wanted our easie conservations of wit by Printing, they would have committed it to brasse, lest injurious time deprive it of all eternity. If to converse with a creature

uiable as it here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this 16th impression) many new Characters, *and* Witty Objects, *written by himself and others his friends. Howsoever, they are now exposed, not only to the judicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.*

Ecce tot o nunc Helicone fruti——Mar.

Lau. Lille.

Elegies of ſeverall Author
on the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, poyſoned in the *Tower*.

Upon the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overbury*.

T would eaſe our ſorrows, 'twould releaſe our tea
Could we but hear thoſe high celeſtiall Sphere
Once tune their Motions to a doleſull ſtraine,
In ſympathy of what we mortals plain,
Or ſee their fair Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when black deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among us dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclin'd to ſleep,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely
Or at leaſt view us but with half an eye,
For fear their chaſter Influence *might deſery*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltleſſ blood,
Blending vile juices to deſtroy the good,
The Sun ſhould wed his beams to endleſſe Nigh
And in dull darkneſs canopy his light,
When from the ranke ſtews of adulterous bre
Where every baſe unhallowed profeſt reſt

Is belcht, as indefiance of his shine,
A stream might make even Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but ne're more clear,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appear;
Mercury capers with a winged heel,
As if he did no touch of sorrow feel,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let us not mistake those pow'rs above,
Nor rav injuriously those Courts of Jove.
Surely, they joy to see these Acts reveal'd;
Which in blind silence have been long conceal'd;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourn
To think that ere she was foul Vices scorn:
Or that poor Quer-buries bloud was made
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Welton, thy hand that Couvre-feu Bell did sway,
Which did his life to endlesse sleep convey.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seek no glory
By the relation of so sad a story.
If any more were privy to the deed,
And for the crime must be adjug'd to bleed,
To Heaven I pray, with rear'd up hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their souls may rise:
And as those equally turn to one dust,
So those alike may shine among the just,
And there make up one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

To the memory of the generally be-
wailed Gentleman, Sir *Thomas Overbury*.

BUt that w'are bound in Christian piety
To wish Gods will be done; and destiny
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinks, t'observe how Vertue draws faint
Subject to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mov'd Effects, from an unmoved Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heavens fixed
Might casuall seem, and each irregular sense (L
Spurn at just Order, blame Gods Providence.
But what is man, expostulate the Intent
Of his high Will, or judge of Strange Events?
The rising Sun to mortall sight reveals
This earthly Globe; but yet the stars conceals
So may the Sense discover Natural Things,
Divine above the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fate's bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident. (c
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.

ther that suffer'd'st by those forms so vile,
n whom those wicked Instruments did file
y drossie part, to make thy Fame shine clear,
d shrine thy soul in heavens all glorious sphere
o being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
ough it appear'd disguis'd in shape of Hell;
with thy bloud and nerves; true life alone
vertue lives, and true Religion,
both which thou art deadlesse; O behold,
thou canst look so low as Earths base mold)
w dreadfull Justice (late with lingring foot)
w comes like whirlewind! how it shakes the (root
lofty Cedars make the stately Brow
d to the foot! how all men see that now
breath of infamy doth move their sails;
iles thy dear name by loves more hearty gales
ll still keep wing, untill thy Fames extend
ev'ry part of this vast Continent.
you the *Syre* of their murther'd Son,
ine not at his fate; since he hath won
e honour in his sufferance: and his death
reed by his vertues endlesse breath.
him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
e might erect a statue; Zeal a Temple:
his true worth the Muses might be slain,
lie his honours web in purest Grain.

CB

Upon the untimely death of the Author of this ingenious Poem Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight poysoned in the *Tower*.

SO many *Moons*, so many times go round,
And rose from *Hell*, and *darknes* under ground,
And *yet till now*, *this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heaven*! yet tell
If *Murther* laies him down to sleep with *Lust*
Or no? reveal, as *thou* art *truth* and *Just*,
The *Secrets* of this unjust secure *Act*,
And what *our fears* make us suspect *compact*
With greater deeds of mischief: for alone
We think not *this*, and do suspect yet one,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a *falling star*;
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy Care
We see takes *meaner things*: It times the world,
The *Signes* at randome through the *Zodiack* hurle,
The *Stars* wild wandring, and the glib quick *hinges*
Which turn both *Poles*, and all the *violent changes*
It overlooks which trouble th' endless course
Of the high Firmament: *by thy blest force*
Do hory winter frosts make forest bare,
And straight to groves again their shades repair,

By

Thet doth *Antinous*, *Lyons flaming Maine*
Eten the fruits: and the full year sustain
Her burthened powers: O *being still the same*,
Ruling so much, an under *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill*? as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in command;
And not thy *Providence*; and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disbatse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse*?
Whence *sagreas crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest Acts of shame blaze in the *Court*,
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rose* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarabs*, whom they serve and *Hate*,
Sure things meet *backward there*; *Humour* disgrast,
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud*, and *Poison* wast:
The *Adulterer up like Haman*, and so *Sainted*:
And *Females modesty* (as *Females*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so far out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stole into *Phoebus wain*, had all misse-won
A clean contrary way: O powerful God,
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of Goodness, in his place again: This deed
Be *Usher* to bring forth the *Mask*, and *Weed*,

Vi here

Where-under, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have Hope to make a false escape.
Of *This* make known, why such an instrument,
As *Weston a poor serving-man* should rent
The frame of *this sad good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBURY
In strife for an *Ambassadour-ship*? no, no,
His *Orbes* held no such *light*: what, did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for composing *this*,
This Cynosure in neat *Poesis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and, All to ch
A *chaste, fit noble* Wife, and the abuse
Of *Strumpets* friendly shadowing in the same,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not unrak't, for which
He dy'de so falsly? *Heaven* we doe beseech
Unlocke the secret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Lust made unsure.

W. S

An Elegy consecrated to the memory of the truly worthy learned Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not been assur'd
Of grief enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight,
Had come but faintly on; for, ever he
That shrines a name within an *Elegy*,
Unless some nearer cause do him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *funeral* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerful is the hand of *murther* now!
Was not enough to see his dear life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that fair frame,
Attempt the like on his unspotted *fame*!
O base revenge! more than inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romans* sometimes would enact
No doom for *Pariside*, supposing none
Could ever so offend) the upright throne
Of *Justice* salves not: leaving that intent
Without a *Name* without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We see thy vertues more than they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure;
But so, as when to make a Pearl more pure,
We give it to a *Dove*, in whose womb pent
Some time, we have it forth most orient.
Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *spight*
With her black soul dares not behold thy sight,
But banning it, a course begins to run
With those that curse the rising of the *Sun*.
The poyson that works upwards now, shall strive
To be thy fair *Fames* true *Preservative*.
And Witchcraft, that can mask the *upper skine*,
With no one cloud shall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrews* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguisht it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chain
Found it to fire their sacrifice again:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses Altars* plentiful crown'd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy dear Memory.
Nor have we lost thee long: thou art not gone
Nor canst destend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round since thy soul fled,
And only *that time* men shall term thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt have
An *Antidote* against the silent Grave.

W. B. Int. tem

pon the untimely Death

of Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

F for to live be but a misery,
If by death good men gain eternity,
was friendly done to robbing thee of life,
o celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
that his will no other aime intended,
t by exchange thy life should be amended:
e went so compasse his insatiate lust,
this last friendship rendred to thee: trust
hiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
ustice and Fame, shall crown thy memorie.

B. C. *medii Temp.*

In

Inobitum intempestivum & lachrymabilem Illustrissimi Equitis auratti, *Tho. Overburi*, magnæ spei & expectationis Viri.

HOwever windy mischiefe raise up high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre upon us
A tempest of foul rumours, which descry
Thy hard mis-hap and strange disastrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather should have rais'd thee up to fa

Yet shalt thou here survive in pittying fame
In thy sweet Wife, in these most acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour shrin
In spight of envy, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine own part, sith it fals out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of precious balme did dare
With whose perfume, altho it was thus spilt,
The house and commers by were better fill'd.

Cap. The Gelow

A *memoriall*,

Offered to that man of vertue, Sir *Tho. Overbury*.

(frame

ONce dead and twice alive; Death could not
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
e might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
ife to his life, betraid him to his grave.
Greatnesse could consist in being good,
nly unhappy in his lives last fate,
that he liv'd so soon to dye so late.
las, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
hence Innocence cannot protect the just?
is error was his fault, his truth his end,
o enemy his ruin; but his friend.
old friendship, where hot vows are but a breath
a guerdon poor simplicity with death:
as never man, that felt the sense of grief,
Overburyed in safe belief:
lief? O cruel slaughter! Times unbred
Will say, who dies that is untimely dead,
y treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
friendship, 'twas but *Overburies* case, (prove
hich shall not more commend his truth than
heir guilt, who were his opposites in love

Rest

Rest happy Man; and in thy sphear of Aw
Behold how Justice swaies the sword of Law
To weed out those, whose hands imbrew'd in (blood
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bud;
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy hast thou prov'd
Thou might'st have di'd more known, not more, (belov'd.

Ja. Fo.

Upon Sir *Thomas Overburie* the Author of this ingeious *POEM.*

HEsperides (within whose gardens grow
Apples of gold) may well thy losse deplore;
For in those Gardens they could never show
A tree so fair of such a fruitfull store.
Grace was the Root, and thou the Tree,
Sweet counsels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorn the Stocke;
Reason the Leaf upon those branches spred,
Under thy shadow did the Muses flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle covered
But what befell, O, too much out of kind;
For then wast blasted by a West-ou wind.

R. C.

Of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife* and *Marriage*.

When I behold this Wife of thine so fair,
So far remov'd from vulgar beauties(air
Being lesse bright and pure (me thinks I see
An uncloth'd Soul, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A Wife more innocent then any Maid,
Evah's state, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Platos's* naked vertue's not more clear
Such an *Idea* as scarce wishes can
Arrive at, but our Hopes must ne're attain
A Soul so far beyond the common Make
As scorn'd corporeall joyning. For her sake
(Dispairing else contract) Thou too'torn'st Soul;
And to enjoy her fairs without controul,
Cast'st off this bodies clog: so must all do,
Cast matter off, who would abstractions woo.
To flie so soon then (Soul) wel hast thou done.
For in this life, such beauties are not wone.
But when I call to mind thine unripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy Nuptial,
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and have this Curse purchast.
Or having this Elixir read thine own
Drawn from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe,
To punish thine ambitious love with death
Or, thy much envide choyce hath made the rest
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infest
To thy conclusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeas'd to see a Love produc'd
Lesse carnall than it self) with policy
So pure chaste a Love to nullifie.
Yet how soe'r, their project flies in smoke
The poyson's cordiall,
which they meant should choke:
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Have joyn'd spirituall Lovers in despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done
When in this life such fairs had not bin won.

E. G.

To the Book.

THou woful widdow, once a happy wife,
That didst enjoy so sweet a Mate:
Who now bereaved is of Life,
Untimely wrought, throught inward hate,
O Deed most vile, to haste the end
Of him, that was so good a friend?

F. H.

On this excellent Poem,
the Wife.

LOe here the matchlesse pattern of a Wife,
Discipherednin form of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as dark doth light,
Or as a loathed Bed a single Life;
The good, with wisdome and discretion clad
With Modest, and fair demeanour dight,
Whose reason doth her will to love invite.

Reason begot, and passion bred her Love
Self-will She shun'd Fitnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cherish Love, Self-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of proof
A perfect Wife a Work nor time can fade
Nor loose respect betray to mortall Fate,
This none can equall; Best, but imitate.

R. C.

Of Sir Thomas Overburie

Poem, the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I have found occasion
Honest & just, without the worlds perswasion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodnesse; and God send
I may find many more: I wish them well (sell.
They are pritty things to play with; when Eve
She took care that all the Women kind
That were to follow her, should be as blind
As she was wilfull. And till this good wife,
This peece of Vertues that we're took her life
From a frail Mothers labour; Those stand still
As marginals to point us to our ill,
Came to the world, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learn'd to woe,
And if she were but fair, and could but hisse:
Twenty to one we could not chuse amisse.
And as we judge of trees, if straight and tall
That may be found, yet never till the fall
Find how the rain hath drill'd them so till now
We onely knew we must love, but not how:
But here we have example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sense and care,
And steer by this Card; he that goes awry
Ile boldly say at his Nativity.

That man was seal'd a fool: yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may averre and strongly, 'twas meet men
Away of practice, but not president;
Either will make us happy men; for he
Who ne'er marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himself a partner for his life,
More than a woman, better than a Wife.

I. F.

Ejusdem in Eadem.

As from a man the first frail woman came,
The first that ever made us known our shame,
And find the curse of labour; so again,
Goodness, and understanding found a Man
To take this shame away, and from him sprang
A piece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong us; yet she life
Makes to appear, a woman and a Wife;
And this is she, if ever woman shall
Do good hereafter; heaven to bless our fall.

J. F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Overburies* POEM, *the WIFE.*

WEre every beauty, every several grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face
Som courtly Gallants might, I think come to be
Which would not wed her, tho they seem'd to
Settled affections follow not the Eye, (woo her
Reason and Judgment must their course deferr
Pigmalions Image made of marble stone,
Was lik'd of all, belov'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame grown husbandless of late,
Which not a man but wished were his Mate.
So fair without, so free from spot within,
That earth seems here to stand exempt from
Juno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed, (
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.

Beauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are means to cure a weak estate,
Honour illustrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy fate. (shroud,
Vertue they think doth in these Emblemes
But triall shewes the'are gulled with a Cloud.

These are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, gesture, with, and grace,
Is that alone that sets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, these have each a place.
Were all wives such? This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Posteritie.

P. T.

WEll hast thou said, that woman should be such;
And were they that, had but a third as much,
Would be marri'd too, but that I know
Not what she is, but should be thou dost show:
So let me praise thy work, and let my life
Single, or thy Widow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Easterne use
Liv'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common shew;
Not that her Lover feir'd the least abuse,
But with the wisest know it fitter so:
Since, faln a widow, and a zealous one,
She would have sacrifiz'd her self agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Liv'd woo'd admir'd, by all wise single men.
which, to th' adulterous rest, that dare begin
Their us'd temptations, were a mortall sin.

To the Wife

EXpos'd to all thou wilt lesse worthy seem,
I fear: Wives common, all men disesteem,
Yet some things have a differing Fate: some fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners set:
Hid Medals rust, which being us'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue than the night.
Thou the more common, than maist seem more
I only wish thou maist be understood. (good,

G. R.

To the clean contrary wife.

LOok here! & chide those spirits which main- (tain
Their empire, with a strong command in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them must once sustain:
O from those Evils, which free Souls disdain
To be acquainted with, (and but perlue
Worst Minds) from them (as hatefull as untrue.)
By reading this, for Fames fair sake refrain:
Who would let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightnesse, indiscretion, end the shame
Of foul incontinence, when the base blood
Is careless onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improv'd,
For loose Dames are but flatter'd, never Lov'd.

W, *Stra*

Of the choyce of a VVife:

IF I were to chuse a Woman,
As who knows but I may marry?
I would trust the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miscarry:
For in way of love and Glory,
Each tongue best tells his own story.

First, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would have her child to such,
Whose free vertues lives are older
When Antiquity can touch:
For 'tis seldome seen, that blood
Gives a beauty great and good,

Yet an ancient stock may bring
Branches I confesse, of worth,
Like rich mantles shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth
Yet such Hills, though gilded show,
Soonest feel the Age of snow.

Therefore

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soon may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Use-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buys a Horse, to lose a Race.

Yet I would have her fair as any,
But her own not kist away:
I would have her free to many,
Look on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall, 'tis better a
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it self in such a letter,
That it leaves unstudied no man:
I would have my Mistris grow,
Only tall to answer No.

Yet

Yet I would not have her loſe
So much breeding, as to ſling
Unbecomming ſcorn on thoſe
That muſt worſhip every thing.
Let her fear looſe looks to ſcatter;
And looſe men will fear to flatter

Children I would have her bear,
More for love of name than bed:
So each child I have his heir
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Every night another maid.

Such a one, as when ſhee's woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo inocently good,
Thather dreams are ever chaſt;
For that Maid that thinks a ſin
Has betraid the Fort ſhee's in

In my visitation still,
I would have her scatter fears,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Tears:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crowns a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first gives our hands,
I would have her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heaven like twins, hath planted us,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud; grow green, and wither.

An

An Elegie in praise of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, and his *Poem*.

'Tis dangerous to be *good*: well may we praise
Honesty, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A pow'r, that shal secur't gainst wr^ngs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd *Mercyless* t
Injurious hands, which 'cause they could not get
The *gemme*, would therfore spoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broken, the *bird* is flown
To *heaven* her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, she sings
Those sacred *Halelujahs*: heaven may boast
T'have got that Angel there which we have lost
But we shall still complain, for to us *here*,
A *Saint* is more losse than a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enjoy'd, whilest thou wert, by enjoying thee,
Lyes not rak't up in *ashes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gon, is drownd in night,
But as the *Moon*, sometime, the *Sunne* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get,
So though our greatest *lamp* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguished*, in thee,
Yet to adde fresh *oyle* t' our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast behind thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

Who

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband di'd)
Been woo'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widow, she
Having lost her first mate, scorns *bigamie*.

P. B. *medii Temp.*

A Statue erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst hand
In garments green, and orient to behold,
Like a most lovely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crown of purest gold.
First let religion in her heart have place, (spring,
As th'ground and fountain whence all vertues
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t'escape that's due to sin.
Let *Beauty* (joyn'd with modesty) appear
Loves object in her face; and chastity
In her fair *eyes*, brighter then chrystall clear,
Wherein life moves affections, led *thereby*.
In her hands *Charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessity.
Let th' earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heavens their influence, and by the same
Unto the blind their sight let her restore;
Strengthning the weak, and raising up the lame:
Under her feet the Devill and darknesse set,
Let Pride fast bound in chaines behind her lye,
Base self-Love, not appear in place, and let
Foul-Lust, and *Envy* from her presence flie,
And on her *Brest*, in golden letters write
Heavens best belov'd, earths chiefest delight.
(Wife,
He that (in's Choice) would meet with such a
Must vow virginity and single life.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury* and his Wife.

ALl right, all wrong befals me through a wife,
A bad one gave me Death, a Good one Life.

An

An Elegy upon the Death
Of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, Knight.
poysoned in the *Tower*.

HAdst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and died, bin stretcht out, and laid
After thy Farwel Sermon taken earth, (*forth,*
And left no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Overbury, *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st have tided hence in two hours tears,
Then had we worn the sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or then the deal was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunk in thine own wine and cake:
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poison'd, Death hath done thee grace
Ranckt thee above the region of thy place,
For none bears poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what States man so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyed an Elegy,
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seem to kill,
working afresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserve thee longer ere thou rot,
Than could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor need'st thou trust a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Justice and of Fame;
whilst sin (detesting her own conscience) strives
To pay the use and interest of lives.
Enough of ryme, and might it please the law,
Enough of blood; for naming lives I saw
He that writes more of thee, must write of more,
which I affect not, but refer men ore
To Tyburn, by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth in valuing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I hear, I kill:
Thus grown a Politician 'gainst my will.

J. M.

An Elegy on the late Lord *William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead the 10. of *December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I strive
To winne access, or grace, with Lords alive,
The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion (spent,
To these I dedicate as much of me
As I can spare from my own husbandry:
And till Ghosts walk, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for some, and doe these errants too.
But first I dos enquire and am assur'd,
What tryalls in their journeys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their most uncertain Life-times have brought
And who so did least hurt of this small store,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poor.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and envy both do cease)
Who rul'd his actions: Reason, or my *Lord*?
Did the whole man relie upon a word,
A badge of Title, or above all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?

Wha

What did he? acts of mercie, and refrain
Oppression in him selfe, and in his Train?
Was his essentiall Table full as free
As boaste and invitations use to be?
Where if his Russet friend did chance to dine,
Whether his *Satten* man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke perjurie as lov'd a sinne,
Himselfe forsworne, as if his slave had been?
Did he seek regular pleasures? was he known
Just Husband of one Wife, and the his own?
Did he live freely without panse, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worn out?
Or should his well-deserving *Client* aske,
Would he bestow a Tilting, or a *Maske*
To keep need vertuous? And that done not see
What Lady damn'd him for his absence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
Wore he the ruin of no Hospitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on?
Did he love simple vertue for the thing,
The King for no respect but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon Gods Throne, or on the chair of State?
He that is guiltie of no *Quere* here,
Out-last his Epitaph, out-lives his Heire.
But there is none such, none so little bad,
Who but this negative goodnesse ever had?

of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
He's rather in the tomb than on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in such a publick fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effinghams*,
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternal home where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die,
Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight days have past since thou hast paid thy debt
To sin, and not a libell stirring yet,
Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
And have no use of slander, or of wit:
But (which is monstrous) though against the tide,
The Water men have neither raild nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no Distinction known,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seems we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to increase
Our title by the holding of some lease
From thee our Landlord, and for that th' whole crue
Speak now like Tenants ready to renew:
I were too fad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath disordred all, misplacing thee,
Whilst now thy Herauld in his line of heirs
Lets out thy name, and fils the space with tears.

And

And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made thee prepostrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th'art so, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearse.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

Ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame, so may my verses pleasing be,
So you may laugh at them and not at me.
'Tis something to you gladly I would say,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would avoid the common beaten vvaies,
To Woman used which are love or praise:
As for the first the little wit I have,
Is not yet grown so near unto the grave,
But that I can by that dim fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I writ.
Let such as in a hopelesse witlesse rage,
Can sigh a quire and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they rest,
VVhen each is but a great blot at the best:
Such as do backs of books and windows fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were resolv'd to end their daies
With a loud laughter blown beyond the Seas;
Who are so mortified, that they can live
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgive.
Write love to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
was hot in love with *Qu. Elizabeth*:
And for the last in all my idle days,
I never yet did living woman praise
In prose or verse: and when I do begin,
Ile pick some woman out, as full of sin
As you are full of vertue, with a soul
As black, as yours is white: a face as foul
As yours is beautiful; for it shall be,
Out of the rules of Physiognomy
So far, that I do fear I must displace
The Art a little, to set in her face:
It shall at least four faces be below
The Devils; and her parched corps shall show,
In her loose skin, as if some sprite she were,
Kept in a bag by some great Conjurer:
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild,
As every word you speak is sweet and mild:
It shall be such a one, as vvill not be
Cover'd vvith any art or policie.
But let her take all povvders, fumes, and drink,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stink.

Sh

She shall have such a foot, and such a nose,
As will not stand in any thing but prose:
If I bestow my praises upon such,
'Tis Charitie, and I shall merit much.
My praise will come to her like a full boul
Bestow'd at most need on a thirstie soul;
Where if I sing your praises in my Ryme,
I lose my inke, my paper, and my time.
And nothing adde to your o're-flowing store,
And tell you nought but what you knew before:
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I swear
*Ma*dame, I thinke you are) endure to hear
Their own perfections into question brought
But stop their eares at them; for if I thought
You took a pride to have your vertues known,
Pardon me, *Ma*dame, I should thinke them none
To what a length is this strange letter grown,
In seeking of a subject, yet findes none?
But your brave thoughts, which I so much respect
Above your glorious tittles, shall accept
These harsh disorder'd lines, I shall ere long
Dresse up your vertues new, in a new song;
Yet far from all base praise and flaterie,
Although I *know* what ere my Verses be,
They will like the most servile flat'rie show,
If I write truth, an I make the subject you.

An Elegy on the Death of the Lady *Rutland*.

I May forget to drink to eat to ſleep,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weep,
n well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Envy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe,
May my dull underſtanding have the might,
Only to know her lak was yeſternight?
Rutland the fair is dead, or if to hear
The name of *Sidney* will more force a tear,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead and yet there be
ome more alive profeſs not poetry:
The States-men and the lawyers of our time
Have buſineſs ſtill, yet do it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three days ſince ſhe did feel Deaths hand,
And yet this Iſle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch a needful time as this grown cold?
They all ſay they would fain, but yet they plead
They cannot write becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Hear me then ſpeak which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoon? O pardon me;
I know it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the Almighty left to ſtrive with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow and thou haſt
More of the buſineſs which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Than all thoſe aged woman which yet quick
Have quite out-liv'd their own Arithmetick.
As ſoon as thou couldſt apprehend a grief,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chief
Bleſſing of women; mariage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of miſerie:
For whom thou haſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name,
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand joys to boot:
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin than a Wife.
But yet I would have cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had only tride the ſettled mind
With preſent croſſes Not the loathed thought
Of worſt to come, or paſt, the might have wroght
Thy beſt remembrance to have caſt an eye
Back with delight upon thine infancie:
But thou had'ſt ere thou knew'ſt the uſe of tears
Sorrow laid up againſt thou comſt to years,
Ere thou wert able who thou were to tell,
By a ſad War thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not understand
What 't was to venture him, to save a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beautie, were low'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from us took
Thee, a more faultlesse issue, than his Book,
Which now the onely living thing we have
From him we'll see, shall never find a grave
As thou hast done: alas, would it might be
That books their sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this married to the wroth,
And many Poems like it selfe bring forth;
But this rule with Divinitie controules,
For neither to the Angles, nor to soules,
Not any thing he meant should ever live,
Did the wise God of Nature sexes give;
Then with his everlasting work alone
We must content our selves, since she is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyedst upon, and wee
May call that back again as soon as thee (all
Who should have lookt to this? where were you
That doe your selves, the helps of Nature call,
Physicians? I acknowledge you were there,
To tell such words as one in health would bear
As dy'd she: Curst be he who shall defend
Your Art of hastning Nature to an end.
In this you shew'd that Physick can but be
At best, an Art to cure your povertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you Impostors, and doe give
To sicke men potions that your selves may live.
He that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,
Must have a med'cine to procure your meat,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Unlesse it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madnesse make my verses flow
Crosse to my understanding. For I know
You can doe wonders, every day meet
The looser sort of people in the street
From desperate diseases freed and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to dye?
Why should the State allow you Colleges,
Pensions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which only they can do, and I will show
The hidden reason why you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleev'd her blood
Ran in such courses as you understood,
By Lectures you beleev'd her Arteries
Grew as they do in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But onely whores and theeves to practise on:
And every passage 'bout them I am sure
You understood, and only them can cure,
Which is the cause that both ———
Are noted for enjoying so long lives.

But noble blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill got experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you have seen
Penelope dissected or the Queen
Of *Sheba*, than you mighe have found a way
To have preserved from that fatall day.
As tis. You have but made her sooner blest,
By sending her to heaven, where let her rest.
I will not hurt the peace which she should have,
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

FINIS.

UMI

The Method.

First of Mariage, and the effect thereof Children Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choice, first, his opinion negatively, what should not be: the First, causes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmative, what should be: of which kind there are four:* Goodness, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing* Beauty. *The first only absolutely good: the other being built upon the first do likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by love to himself, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the onely condition of a Wife,* Fitness.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *brief* of womankind,
And doth in little even as much contain,
As, in one day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same again:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband* she,
As *Eve*, should all the *world of woman be.*

So

So frame'd he Both, that *neither* power he gave
Use of themselves, but by exchange to make:
Whereby in their face, the *Fair* no pleasure have,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their own Kisse no pleasure find:
Toward their proper Face, our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eve* did *perfect* Man *begun*;
Till then, in vain much of himself he had:
In *Adam*, God created only *one*,
Eve & the *world to come*, in *Eve* he made. (straies
We are *two halves*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Joind*, *both* their *like* can raise.

At first, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combin'd,
Man, *She-Man* did with in his body breed;
Adam was *Eves*, *Eve* Mother of Mankind,
Her from *Liver-Flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceed.
One, thus made two, *Mariage* doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*:
And therefore *Eve* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their object is: their *Being* then,
And now *perfection*, they receive from men.

Mariage; to all whose joyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chastity,
Whereby *two souls* into one *body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*; while here they living (be,
And after death in their *posterity*.

God to *each Man a private Woman* gave,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like himself might have,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*,
Double is Womans *use*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the next depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* have lent
Children are bodies sole *Eternity*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* instrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandering *lust*; I know 'tis infinite,
It still begins, and adds not more to more.
The *guilt* is everlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feel, of that before.
The taste of it is only in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *conscience*.

VVoman is not *lusts bounds*, but *Woman kind*;
One *lust loves number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall find;
Vice hath no mean, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*; *Lust* cannot find;
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pin'd*.

Bate

Bate *lust* the sin, my share is ev'n with his,
For *Not to lust*, and to *Enjoy* is one:
And more or less past, *equall* nothing is;
I still have *one*, lust *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet He's the same without variety.

Mariage our *lust* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the same*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie desire*.
My self I cannot chuse, *my wife* I may:
And in the choice of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my self in my posterity.

Or rather let me *love*, than *be in love*;
So let me chuse, as *Wife* and *Friend* to find.
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approve*:
Beasts likeness lies in *shape*, but ours in *mind*:
Our *Souls no Sexes* have, their love is clean,
No *Sex*; both in the *better part* are *men*.

But Physick for our *last* their bodies be,
But matter fit to shew our love upon:
But only *shels* for our *posterity*,
Their souls were giv'n lest men should be
For but the *Souls interpreters, word be*, (alone:
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly fram* we see of flesh and blood,
Their *fashion* is not *weight*; it is I say
But their *Lay-part* but well disgested food;
This but 'twixt *Dust and Dust*, *lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *seen*,
But only that it holds a *Soul* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deep, but to *two sences* known;
Short even of pictures, shorter liv'd then Life,
And yet the *love* survives, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to satisfie.

All

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* distinguish *foul or fair*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *sight*;
And those, but the first weak; by Custome are
Both made alike, which differed at first *view*,
Nor can that difference *absence* much renew.

For can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerly by *imagination* be
Enjoy'd by us, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *injoying we*
Make *ours become*, so *our desire* grows tame,
We changed are, but it remains the same,

Birth, lesse than *Beauty*, shall my reason blind,
Her *birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *active Genius* finde,
Vertue, than *passive* from her Ancestry;
Rather in *her alive* one vertue see,
Than all the ruffi dead in her *pedigree*.

In

In the degrees, high rather, be she plaft,
Of *Nature*, than of *Art*, and *Policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time past:
And Love doth only but the *present* see; (same
Things were first made, than *words* she were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the odder of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor my aim it make;
Birth, *beauty*, *wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *good parts*, those *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing from themselves hath (join'd.
Rather than these the object of my love,
Let it be good when these with vertue go,
They (in themselves *indifferent*) vertues prove,
For good (like fire) turns all things to be like
Gods Image in Her *Soul*, O let me place
My *love* upon not *Adonis* in her *face*.

Good

A WIFE.

Good, is a fairer attribute than *white*,
'Tis the *minds beauty* keeps the *other* sweet;
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glosse, nor painting can it counterfeit,
Nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would have *Holy* understood,
So *God* she cannot love but also me,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion even the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
As she is *more* a *Maid* that ravisht is;
Then she which only doth but wish amisse.

Lust onely by *Religion* is withstood,
Lusts object is alive, his strength within;
Mortality resists but in *cold blood*;
Respect of *credit* feareth *shame*, not *sin*.
But no place *dark enough* for such offence
She finds, that's *watch*, by her own *conscience*.

Then may I trust her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon secure need never know
The pangs of *Jealousie*: and *Love* doth find
More pain to *doubt* her false, than know her so:
For *patience* is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedie; but *doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stir'd, 'twill never die:
Nor will the griefe more mild by custome prove,
Nor yet *amendment* can it satisfie,
The *Anguish* more or lesse, is *as our love*;
This misery doth *Jealousie* ensue,
That we may prove her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspicious, may the will of *lust* restrain,
But *God* prevents from having such a *will*.
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaste* & *more* con-
For *Chaste* is but an *Abstinence* from ill: (tain,
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *best*
Of qualities, yet in a *Good* the *last*.

To

To bear the means is *Care*, not *Jealousie*;
Some *lawfull* things to be avoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *unlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descry'd afarre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *richer* part, may be of *both* secure.

Give me next *Good*, an *understanding* Wife,
By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much Art;
Some *Knowledge* on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart:
Besides her inborn vertue fortifie. (way.
They are most firmly good, that best know

A *passive understanding* to conceive,
And judgement to discern, I wish to find:
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kind,
What it finides malleable, makes frail;
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *sail*.

Domesticke

Domestick Charge doth best that *sex* befit,
Contiguous business; so to fix the mind,
That *leasure* place for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *leasure* *is* corrupteth *woman-kind*,
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heaven a shorter cut than We.

Books are a part of mans prerogative,
In formal Ink they *thoughts* and *wisdom* hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make *Times-present* travell that of *old*:
Our life, *Fame* reiceth longer at the end,
And *books* it farther backward do extend.

As *good*, and knowing let her be discreet,
That, to the others *weight*, *Age* fashion bring;
Discretion doth consider what is fit,
Good not but what is *lawful*, but the thing
Not *circumstances*, *Learning* and *wit*
In men, but *curious folly* without it.

To keep their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *credit* is by far
More *frail* than *Their* on lakelihoods K stands,
And hard to be disprov'd, *Self slander* are
Their *carriage*, not their *chastity* alone
Must keep their *Name* shaft from *Nurses*.

Womans *behaviour* is a surer bar
Than is their *Nes*: *Those* fairly *doth deny*
Without *denying*: *therefore* kept they are
Safe ev'ry from *Hate*, so hard to blame is the
Which hath *without consent* bin only side;
He comes *too near*, that comes to be *denied*.

Now since a *woman* we so *many* are,
A *Soul* and *body*, not a *soul* alone,
When one is *good*, then be the other *fair*,
Beauty and *Health* and *beauty*, both in one;
Be she so fair, as change can yelde no gain,
So fair, as the most *women* else contain.

So fair at least let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me*, it *Truth* opinion
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes shall I see her but *mine own*,
And as my *Fancy Her* conceives to be,
Even such my *Senses* both, doe *feel* and *see*.

The *face* we may the seat of *beauty* call,
In it the rellish of the rest doth lye,
Nay ev'n it's figure of the *mind* without:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moves in the *Eye*:
No things else, being *two* so like we see,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *distinct shape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *shape* the *Soul*;
The *Soul*, which from no single part doth rise
But from the just proportion of the *whole*;
And is a meer *spiritualy harmony*,
Of every part united in the *Eye*.

Lov

Love is a kind of *Superstition*,
Which fears the Idol which it self hath fram'd:
Lust a Desire, which rather from his *own*
Temper, than from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loves *object*, *Woman* Lust's to gain;
Love, Love Desires; *Lust* onely to *obtain*.

No circumstance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, native *Comelinesse*.
Nay ev'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot ought beget, but may increase;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something she left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *fashion* more to *modesty*
Tend, than *assurance*: *Modesty* doth set
The face in her just place, from *passions* free;
'Tis both the *minds*, and *bodies beauty meet*;
But *modesty* no vertue can we see;
That is the faces onely *Chastity*.

VVhere

Where *goodness* fails, twice ill and ill *that* stands
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their desire more strong, yet on their hands
The *chastity* of *men* doth often lye:
Lust would more common be than any one,
Could it as other sins be done *alone*.

All these *good parts a Perfect woman* make:
Add *love to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*:
Without her *love*, her *beauty* should I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* gives it life:
Till then her *beauty* like the Sun doth shine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, only *mine*.

And of that *love* let *Reason Father* be,
And *Passion Mother* let it from the one
His *being* take, the other his degree;
Self-love (which second Loves hath built upon)
Will make me (if not *her*) her love respect;
No man but favours his own worths effect.

As

As *good* as *wise*; so be she fit for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the same,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted self*, and she
As Me, so what I love, to love must frame.
For when by Mariage both in one concur,
VVoman converts to man, not man to her.
FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph, written by himself.

THe Span of my days measur'd, here I rest,
That is, my body, but my soul his guest,
Is hence ascended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below,
Onely this dust doth here in pawn remain,
That, when the world dissolves, she come
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Characters

OR,

VVitty deſcriptions of the properties of ſundry perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetneſs of diſpoſition which meets his ſtoutneſs more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meets Iron eaſier than Iron; and turns reſiſting into embracing. Her greateſt

learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her own *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonesty* never comes nearer than her ears, and then wonder stops it out, and saves vertue the labour. She leaves the neat youth, telling his *lustious* tales, and puts back the *Serving-mans* putting forward, with a frown: yet her kindness is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is clear, that you may look through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certain, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her *Sex*, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. She wears good cloathes, but never better; for she finds no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of her own, and so seeks not an husband, but finds him. She is indeed

most,

most, but not much of description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a Husband, and she doth nothing more than love him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the business of her actions, and she doth her self kindness upon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *Shee is Hee.*

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *understanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modesty* that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She simpers as if she had no teeth but lips: and she divides her eyes, and keeps half for her self,

and gives the other to her neat *Tooth*. Being set down, she casts her face into a plat form, which dureth the meal, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to professe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in private, and stretcheth her upon meat. She is *Marriageable* and *Fourteen* at once; and after she doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks she is fair, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glasse and the Knight of the Sun for lying. She is hid away all but her face and that's hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the sign of a Tavern, to draw *Strangers*. If she shew more, she prevents desire, and by too free giving, leaves no *Gift*. She may escape from the serving-man, but not from the Chamber-maid. She commits with her ears for certain: after that she may go for a maid, but she hath been lyen with

in her understanding. Her *Phylosophy*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her *Vanity* seldome matcheth her, with one of her own degree; for then she will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if she marry better she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her Sutor, and for a jest, laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for her self, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adjoyning; ye may see it; in a Serving-mans fresh *Nepery*, and his Leg steps into an unknown stocking. I need not speak of his *Gartere*, the tassell shews it self. If she love, she loves not the Man, but the best of him. She is *Salomons* cruel creature, and a mans walking consumption: every caudle she gives him, is a purge. Her chief commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

HEr lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her nighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She travels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the Country comes in clean Linnin to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her grief in ſuger cakes; and receives from their mouths in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoever, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her utmoſt drift is to turn him Fool, which commonly ſhe obtains at the years of diſcretion. She takes a journey ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but never thinks beyond *London*. Her *Devotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhion, and are ſilent if ſhe be

be more devout, ſhe lifts up a certain number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, juſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixty*, where ſhe never overtakes it, or drives it before her again; Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhe weares her Gentle-woman ſtill, but moſt often leaves the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhe ſmels the ſweeter for it. The utmoſt reach of her *Providence* is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt envy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gown. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian bear her Velvet. This ſhe doth many times over, and then is delivered to old Age and a Chair, where every body leaves her.

A dissembler.

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appears. Unto the eye he is pleasing, unto the eare he is harsh, but unto the understanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him form, he dyeth his means and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but undermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the hookers of his observation. He knows passion only by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occasion: the inquisitor must look through his judgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Cour-

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest marke is, that he is to be found only about Princes. He smels; and putteth away much of his judgement about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therfore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receit of making love. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is News, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but

but fish-like breaths destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he moves by the upper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his Hat, a capecloak, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Devill; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets up first; his disposition is cut, and knaves rent him like Tenter-hooks; he is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for frinds. He is high in his own imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he looks who looks: if he finds not good store of vaiers, he comes home stiffe and seer, untill he

he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Wheresoever he eates he hath an officer, to warn men not to talke out of his element, and his own is exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reason, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more than his beauty; they are his discretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he heath had the Wolf of vain glory, which he fed, untill himself became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the shadow of a Fool.* He is a good wood-man, for he singleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his sake he will halt or wear a wrie necke. He dispraiseth nothing but poverty, and

and ſmall drink, and praiſeth his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelf, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to win his praiſes by reciting the other gifts: he is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomack goe together. He will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerve as a fool. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and ſits theſe guests of *Togæ virilis*, with wives or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-books. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt term, and will be ſo, untill the comming of a new term or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himſelf, and is glewed, and

and but ſet on. He entertains men with repetitions, and returns them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. He gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old cloathes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publick aſſembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whiffler. or a torch-bearer; and bears down ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrang Nations. He dares ſpeak more than he underſtands, and adventures his words without the releif of any ſeconds. He relates battles, and skirmiſhes, as from an eye-witneſſe, when his eyes theeviſhly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to

make

make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelf underſtand himſelf, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt

IS *a noune Adjective of the preſent tenſe.* He hath no more of a conſcience than Fear, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reverenceth a Courtiers Servants ſervant. Is firſt his own Slave, and then whoſoever looketh big; when he gives he curſeth, and when he ſels he worſhips. He reads the ſtatutes in his Chamber, and wears the Bible in the ſtreets: he never praiſeth any, but before themſelves or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-years gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaſeth the children of great men;

men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his courteſie extends it ſelf even to the ſtable. He ſtrains to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerve a Bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may find what place he affecteth, for he creeps as near it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keep time.

An Amoriſt

IS a Man blaſted or planet-ſtrooken, and is the Dogge that leads blind *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verſes, and muſk comfects; and ſighs to the hazzard of his but-

tons;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his mistris complexion, or to keep *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleness. His arms are carelessly used, as if their best use was nothing but embracements. He is untrust, unbuttond and ungartered not out of carelesness, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatnesse, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes some other quality moralize his affection, and his trimness is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up, as the Sun moisture; when she disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears; his fingers are his Orators, and he expresseth much of himself upon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose; and no marvell, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his Mistris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he

he is confin'd to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pyde coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion.

An Affectate Traveller.

IS a speaking fashion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speaks *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping: he will choak, rather than confesse *Beer* good drink; and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behaviour. He chuseth rather to be counted a *Spit*, than not a *Politician* and maintains his reputation by naming

great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, than not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but means nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoever. He comes ſtill from great perſonages, but goes with mean. He takes occaſion to ſhew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in St. *Martines*: and not long after having with a *Mountebanks* method pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Upon feſtival dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as converſant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow mony of them; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather than himſelf humble. He diſdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his own. He imputeth his want and pover-

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ty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthineſs: and concludes his diſcourſe with half a period, or a word, and leaves the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoul are governed by fame, he loves moſt voyces above truth.

A Wiſeman.

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. He hides himſelf with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature, ſo goes his behaviour. His mind enjoyes a continuall ſmoothneſs: ſo cometh it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of their

actions; by this means, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himself. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keep his own, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it prehemi-nence over his body. He understands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. He is not subject to casualities; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soul from the case of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and lives subject neither to Time nor his frailties, the servant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurveied and fortified his diſpoſition, and converts all occurrents into experience, betwen which experience and his reaſon, there is mariage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his uſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, ſcornes ſhame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his underſtanding, ſeeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its own imbecility to ſhew

or suffer. He licenceth not his weaknesse, to wear Fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of Nature. He is the Steeresman of his own destiny. Truth is the Goddesse, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and stickes not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemn fortune, but not confesse her. He is no Gamester of the world (which onely complain and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of scum. Unto the society of men he is a *Sun*, whose clearnesse directs their steps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wise

mans

mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feels age more by the strength of his soul, than the weakness of his body; thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.

An Oldman

IS a thing that hath been a Man in his dayes. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talk is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They cast the thumb under the girdle, Gravity; and because they can

hardly ſmell at all their Poſies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driveled beards. Their diſcourſe is unanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an unequal affirmation: for their memories ſeveral is won into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſence. They teach their Servants their duties with as much ſcorn and tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their cloaths, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtom ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaves are carved and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not go without a gown in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed, to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worn to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend or a dog to excuse.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Justice of Peace is produced. He speaks statutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wise man; he is well skilled in *Arithmatick* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to save two-pence. His converlation amongst his Tenants is desperate; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His travell is seldome farther than the next market Town, and his inquisition is about the price of Corn: when he travelleth, he will go ten mile out of the way to a Cousins house of his to save charges, he rewards the Servants by taking him by the hand when he departs.

parts. Nothing under a *Sub pœne* can draw him to *London*: and when he is there, he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every Cut-purse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holy-day talk. If he go to Court; it is in yellow stockings; and if it be in Winter, in a slight tafety cloak, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Usher for his comming into the presence, where he becomes troublesome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kisse his hand, and make a leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counsellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesie, but of the last he makes more use; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he conjures his poor countrimen. But this is not his element, he must home again, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whose bark is more worth than his body. He hath read the Book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He allowe-eth of no judge, but the eye; painting, boulstering, and bombasting are his *Orators*: by these also he proves his industry: for he hath purchased legs, hair, beauty, and straightnesse, more than Nature left him. He unlockes Maiden-heads with his language, and speaks *Euphues*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behaviour, but he buyes it at Court, as Countreymen their clothes in Birchinlane. He is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and lives in the flame of love, which pains he expresseth comically: and nothing grieves him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his love; yet he sighes sweetly and speaks lamentably: for

his

his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He is best in season at Christmas; for the Boares head and Reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and lest Fidlers should take him unprovided, he wears pumps in his pocket: and lest he should take Fidlers unprovided, he whistles his own Galliard. He is a Calender of ten years, and mariage rusts him. Afterwards he maintains himself an implement of houshold, by carving and ushering. For all this, he is judiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers shop is the witnesse of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce Sute, overthrown by his fantasticknesse.

An El-

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature born to the best advantage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning but loiters it away before the ending. He looks like his Land, as heavily and durtily, as stubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and fears nothing but his Fathers life, and minority. The first thing he makes known, is his Estate; and the Load-stone that draws him, is the upper end of the Table. He woeth by a particular; and his strongest argument is all about the Joyture. His observation is all about the fashion, and he commends Partlets for a rare device. He speaks; no language, but smels of Dogs, or Hawks; and his ambition ffies Justice-height. He loves to be commended; and he will goe into the Kitchin, but heel have it. He loves glory; but is so lazy, as he is content with flattery. He speakes most of the precedency

dency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old servants, and tells what strange acts he will doe when he raigns. He verily believes house-keepers the best commonwealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing greasing, and such as the limbes of goodness. He judgeth it no small sign of wisdome to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but never speeds. If his understanding were not honester than his will, no man should keep good conceit by him; for he thinkes it no theft, to sell all he can to opinion. His pedegree and his fathers sealring are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keep company with the dregs of men, than not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheer under a peece of Mutton and a Rabbet; if he by this time be not known, he will go home again: for he can no more abide to have himself concealed, than his

lan-

land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintain the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearl is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *Actu* nothing but boldness. His cloathes are in fashion before his body and he accounts boldness the chiefest vertue; above all men he loves an Herauld, and speaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Cousin; and prefers *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine VVorthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so he prevents quarrells. He voucheth Welch, a pure and unconquered language, and Courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in

in his own conceit, and upon St. *Davies* day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not think a thought, that the Nominative case governes not the Verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. He vallues phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight Parts of speech are his Servants. To be brief, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurat number, having onely the single quality of words.

A Servingman

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunk, yet is not his own man.* He tells without aſking who owns him, by the ſuperſcription of his Livery. His life is for eaſe and leaſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himſelf higher or lower, as his Maſter is. He hates or loves the men as his Maſter doth the Maſter. He is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas: he ſleeps when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, onely the clock of his ſtomack is ſet to go an hour after his. He ſeldome breaks his own cloaths. He never drinks but double, for he muſt be pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence: nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtains till he comes to a thirſt. His

 diſcre-

discretion is to be carefull for his Masters credit, and his sufficiency to marshall dishes at a Table, and to carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linnen. His courting language, visible bawdy jests; and against his matter fail, he is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the Chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his Masters daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better, he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own Widdow. His Master being appeased, he becomes a Retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir-males for ever.

An Host.

IS the kernell of a Sign: or the Sign is the shell, and *mine Host* is the Snail.

He

He consists of double beer and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. He entertains humbly, and gives his guests power, as well of himself as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, save in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatness, to lay all mis-likes upon his servants. His wife is the *Cummin seed* of his Dove-house; and to be a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. He traffiques for Guests by mens friends friends, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, he is none of his own: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himself.*. He consists of Travellers, though he be none himself. His highest ambition is to be *Host*, and the invention of his sign is his

greatest wit: for the expressing whereof he sends away the Painters for want of understanding. He hath certain charmes for a horse mouth, that he should not eat his hay: and behind your back, he will couzen your horse to his face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, for he expresseth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a spinners card turn'd out of service. He puffes and blows over your horse, to the hazard of a duble jug: and leaves much of the dressing to the proverb of *Muli mutuo scabient*, One horse rubs another. He comes to him that cals loudest, not first; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knave he feels it not, utmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speakes Northern, what country-man soever. He hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadlar* for intelligence: he loves to see you ride, and hold your stirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoul drown'd in a lump of fleſh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not half his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſwear his ſoul were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleeps as he goes, and thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further than his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoul lie fallow, or are like the reſtive Jades, that no ſpur can drive forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put clean beſides the right uſe, made fit for the cart and the flayl; and by miſchance intangled amongſt books and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what he is now good

for, saye to move up and down and fill room, or to serve as *Animatum instrumentum*, for others to work withall in base imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to serve (as they say Monsters doe) to set out the variety of nature, and ornament of the universe. He is meer nothing of himself, neither eats, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor spits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath set-formes and fashions, which he never varies, but sticks to with the like plodding constance, that a mil-horse followes his trace. But the Muses and the Graces are his hard Mistresses, though he daily invocate them, though he sacrifice *Hecatombs*, they still look asquint. You shall note him of (besides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy betummed pace) by a fair displayed beard, a night-cap, and a gown, whose very wrinckles proclaim him the true *Genius* of familiarity. But of all others, his discourse, and compositions best speak him, both of them are much of one stuffe

and

and fashion. He speaks just what his books or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome understands himself. You may know by his discourse where he was last; for what he heard or read yesterday, he now dischargeth his memory or Notebook of, not his understanding, for it never came there. What he hath, he flings abroad at all adventures, without accommodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himself in his tale, and flutters up and down windlesse without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it self, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, how-ever *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Jests are either old flead *Proverbs*, or lean-starv'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poor verball quips, outworn by Servingmen, Tapsters, and Milk-maids, even laid aside by Balladers. He assents to all men that bring any shaddow of reason, and you may make him when he speaks most Dog-

matically even with one breath, to avoy poor contradictions. His compositions differ onely *terminorum positione*, from dreams; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherent, drossie, rubbish stuffe, promiscuously thrust up together. Enough to infuse dulnesse and barrennes in conceit into him that is so prodigal of his ears, as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with suffering such durty stuffe cast into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as slutzish morsels, or wallowish potions to a nice stomach, which whiles he empties himself, it sticks in his teeth, nor can he be delivered without sweat, and sighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to shake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He spits, and scratches, and spawls, and turnes like sick men from one elbow to another, and deserves as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Fevers*, or self-lashing Penitentiaries. In a word, rip him quite asunder, and examine every shred of him, you shall

ſhall find of him to be juſt nothing, but the ſubject of nothing; the object of contempt; yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moveable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtock, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhe ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. She is relative in all; and he without her, but half himſelf. She is his abſent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature unto his howſoever: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sun* more willingly, Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy

are

are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the Gossips of the Town, and is more seen than heard. Her houshold is her charge; her care to that, makes her seldom *non resident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By his discretion she hath children not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery to mans apparel: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chair. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholly Man

IS a strayer from the drove: one that Nature made a sociable, becatise she made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they

they make him dream weaking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continull motion as the poise the clock: he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them; *Penelopes* web thrives faster. He'le seldome be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottome a river dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a *Decorum*, both unseemly. Speak to him; he hears with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leasure. He thinkes businesse, but never does any: he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughs, as if he meant them to some purpose; but they prove unprofitable, as a peece of worught timber to no use. His Spirits, and the Sun are enemies; the Sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold: variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breath, according to the necessi-

necessities of nature; which makes him sup up a draught of as much aire at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his own fantasies: they are the consuming evils, and evill consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soul, which is mans cheif preeminence, and sole mark form creatures sensible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reason calckt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his ownpro vision, for he lives ever pickled. A forewind is the substance of his Creed; and fresh water the bruden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever c[illegible]ming

ming: out of which as naturally he fears; for he is ever flying: time and he are every where ever contending who shall arrive first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out runs darkness. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if he live till three coats, is a Master. He sees Gods wonders in the deep: but so, as rather they appear his play-fellows, than stirrers of his zeal: nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither; for his hold neither fears nor hopes, his sleeps are but repreevals of his dangers, and when he wakes, 'tis but next stage to dying. His wisdome is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the North: and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide ore-flow it. In a storm 'tis disputable, whether the noise be more his, or the Elments, and which will first leave scolding; on which side of the ship he may be saved best, whether his faith be starre-bord faith, or larbord: or the helm

helm at that time not all his hope of heaven: His keel is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit he never repents, then no farther than the land allows him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new Nations: his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtows moſt wine, or rowls moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſtern: a Barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and 'tis fear'd one reaſon: upon any but a woodden horſe he cannot ride, and if the wind blow agianſt him, he dare not: he ſwarves up to his ſeat as to a ſail-yard, and cannot ſit unleſſe he bear a flag-ſtaffe: if ever he be borken to the ſaddle, 'tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſ-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is ever turning his horſe-taile. he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackiſh beleife hath made that *Ominous:* A rock or a quicke-ſand plucks him before he be ripe,

ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of Valour, his Sword is his Plough, which honour and *Aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettal'd Jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes Arms, an elder the thanks for them; every heat makes him a harvest; and discontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actively his Princess, but passively his angers servant. He is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his strongest armour: he is a Lover at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth than makes him seem a handsome foe, lightly he covets not, lesse is below him: he never truely wants, but in much having, for then his ease and

lechery

lechery afflict him: the word *Peace* though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God he beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold rank in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the Sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt devotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray hairs, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh gives fire; in charity he goes beyond the Clergy; for he loves his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. He ſeems a full ſtudent, for he is a great deſirer of controverſies, he argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refinning of mank-kind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel. His alay (for elſe you cannot work him perfectly) continuall duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and he appears a most rich chain for Princes.

A Tayler.

IS a creature made up of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough cast The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin. Other mens pride is the best Patron, and their negligence, a main passage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary judgement: For by vertue of that, he buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set roof of his crosse legged Fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnes alwaies upon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sun*, that is able to resist them. A ten groats fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers

bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish Pike, to the hazzard of many poor Egyptian vermin; and in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater Gantlet, than will cover the top of his midle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long Bill; and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a Customers estate. His spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your back is toward him. His heart is a lump of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was asleep while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the best peeces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast down into hell. He is partly an Alchymist; for he extracteth his own apparell out of others mens cloaths; and when occasion serveth, making a brokers shop his Alembicke, can turn your silkes into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a moneth or two if he be urged unto it, re-

duce them again to their proper substance He is in part likewise an Arithmetician; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Substraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Condan*; *& usque ad ultimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charity. For any Skill in *Geometry*, I dare not commend him; For he could never yet find out the dimensions of his own conscience: Notwithstanding he hath many bottomes, it seemeth this is alwaies bottomless. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure. And so with a *Liberâ nos a malo*, I leave you; promising to amend whatsoever is amisse, at his next setting.

A Puritane

IS a diseas'd peece of *Apocryphe*: bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurses, Railing, Rabbins, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of wind: For between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is, is yet unknown; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus far his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flourisht about a time first; his fiery zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation, and till he eat a Schooleman, he is hide-bound; he ever prayes against *Non Residents*, but is himself the gratest discontinuer, for he never keeps near his text; any thing that the Law allowes, but Mariag, and March beer, he murmures at; what it disallowes and holds dan-

dangerous, makes him a discipline: Where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile: and where his Learning ought to climb, he creeps through: give him advice you run into *Traditions*, and urge a modest course, he cryes out *Council*. His greatest care is to contemns obedience; his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so crosse a kind of teaching, that should the Church enjoyn clean shirts, he were lowsie: more sence than single prayers is not his; nor more in those, than still the same petitions: from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs back like a Bear; and hates square dealing as allied to caps: a pair of Organs blow him out o'th' Parish, and are the only glister-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is best, there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits he holds breed good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against, in

Plom-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are temporally, nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him (silence) keeps him more surfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houses: women and Lawyers are his best Disciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he sowes amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but master of it, he is converted.

A Whart

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Devil, he that looks upon her with desire, begins his voyage: he that staies to talk with her, mends his pace, and who enjoyes her, is at his journeies end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold colour: taste her, she's dead, and falls upon the pallate; the sins of other women shew in Landskip, far off and full of shadow, hers in Statue, neer hand and bigger in the life: she pricks betimes, for her stock is a white thorn, which cut and grafted on, she grows a Medler: Her trade is opposite to any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custome breaks her; The money that she gets is like a Traitors, given only to corrupt her; and what she gets, serves but to pay diseases. She is ever mo rd in sin, and ever mending; and after

thirty she is the Chyrurgions creature: shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and onely in a Hospitall acquainted. She lives a Reprobate, like *Cain*, still branded, finding no habitation but her fears, and flies the face of Justice like a Felon. The first year of her trade she is an Eyesse, scratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the second a Soar: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth she is an intermewers, preies for her self and ruffles all she reaches; from thence to ten she bears the name of white Whore, and then her blood forsakes her with salt Rheumes, and now she has mewed three coats; now she grows weary and diseas'd together, favours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and scowrs to keep her cool, yet still she takes in stones, she fires her self else: the next remove is Haggard, still more cunning; and if my Art deceive me not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now upon her, and line her perch, or now she mews

her

her pounces, at all these years she flies at fools and kills too: the next is Bussard Baw'd, and there I leave her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings which are medicines for her itching. She kisseth open-mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them moist. Her eyes are like free-booters, living upon the spoil of strugglers; and she baits her desires with a million of prostitute countenances and enticements; in the light she listeneth to parlies: but in the darke she understandeth signs best. She will sell her Smock for Cuffs, and so her shoes be fine, she cares not though her stockings want feet. Her modesty is curiositie, and her smell is one of her best ornaments. She passeth not a span breadth,

And

And to have done, she is the Cook and the meat dressing her self all day, to be tasted with the better appetite at night.

A meer Common Lawyer

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by Statutes and hath his Motion by the favourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is always furnisht with a Commission to assign his Conscience: but upon judgement given, he usually sets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragoin*. Onely for that point he hath been a long time at Wars with *Priscian* for a Northern Province. He imagines that by sure excellency his profession onely is learning, and

and that it's a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her. For indeed he is all for money. Seven or eight years squires him out some of his Nation lesse standing; and ever since the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His Love-letters of the last year of his Gentlemanship are stuft with *Discontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore Priests*; but now being enabled to speak in proper person, he talkes of a French-hood, instead of a Joynture, wages his Law, and joynes issue. Then he begins to stick his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his Squire-ship transparent. His Herauldry gives him place before the Minister, because the Law was before the

Gospel.

Gospell. Next Terme he walkes his hoopsleeve gown to the Hall; there it proclaims him. He feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chance to his turn, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his own house. For they, poor souls take Law and Conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his cases from putting Riddles, and imitating *Merlins* Prophecies, and to set all the Crosse-row together by the ears. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old controversie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. He affects no life or quality for it self, but for gain; and that at least, to the stating him in a Justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soul superadded to the elementary and inanimate form of his new Tide. His

Termes

Termes are his wives vacations. Yet she then may usurp divers Court-daies, and hath her Returns in *Mensem*, for writs of entry: often shorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in assise time (the cricuit being long) he may have a tryall at home against him by *Nisi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, so wise, as through *Westminister Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it visit both Heaven and Hell. Yet then he oft forgets his journeyes end, although he look on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is he wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd *Rehtoricke* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his year books: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute against it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can advise in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus divisis*.

divisis. In *Astronomy* and *Astrology* he is so far seen, that by the *Dominical* letter, he knows the Holy days, and finds by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Term will be long and dirty. Marry he knows so much in *Musick*, that he affects only the most and cunningest *Discords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, especially song, except *in fine*. His skill is *perspective* endevours much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in *Necromancy*, (such a kind as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raising many *dead questions*. What sufficiency he hath in *Criticisms*, the fowl copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the same coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities; but so that *Discretion*, *Vertue*, and sometimes other *good learning*, concurring and distinguishing Ornaments to them, make them as foyl to set their work on.

A meer

A meer Scholer.

A *Meer Scholer is an intelligible Asse*. Or a silly fellow in black, that speake Sentences more familiarly than Sense. The Antiquity of his University is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he speaks Latine better than his Mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his own Country: he do's usually tell great stories of himself to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false: his Ambition is, that he either is or shall be a Garduate: but if ever he get a Fellowship, he ha's then no fellow. In spight of all *Logicke* he dares swear and maintain it, that a Cuckold and a

Townes-

Towns-man are *Termini convertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband be an *Alderman*: he was never begotten (as it seems) without much wangling; for his whole life is spent in *Pro & contra*: his tongue goes always before his wit, like Gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pe*; witnesse his horseman-ship and the wearing of his weapons: he is commonly long-winded, able to speak more with ease, than any man can endure to hear with patience. University jests are his universall discourse, and his news, the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his mind, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what-ever be the question, the truth is on his side. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knows not that he knows nothing; he gives directions

ctions for Husbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: he orders all things, and thrives in none: Skilfull in all trades, and thrives in none: he is led more by his eares than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently believe, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Radulphus Agricola* a substantiall Farmer; and will not stick to averre, that *Systemo's Logick* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill luck is not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much a doe) is artificiall: his poverty is his happinesse, for it makes some men believe, that he is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which he hath, was in Non-age put in backward like a glister, and its now like Ware mis-laid in a Pedlers pack; a ha's it, but knows not where

 it

it is. In a word, his is the *Index* of a man, and the Title page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profession, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a moveable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollerick nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runnagate by antiquity: yet he proves himself a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a Philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his Art was Musick first invented, and therefore he is alwaies furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune,

tune, proves that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drum. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musick most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foul Sun-burnt Quean, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over *England* with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreproveable; for he is ever mending. He observes truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steal than begge, in which he is unremoveably constant in spight of whipe, or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, than in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conversing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he visit Cities or Towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with

Canting proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspition. Some will take him to be a Coward; but beleive it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chick of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey and feather together. He croaks like a Raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy unbequeath'd: his happiness is in the multitude of children, for their

increaſe is his wealth, and to that end, he himſelf yearly addes one. He is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds, under hedges, in thickets and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at covert: his quiver hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſilver arrows which he ſhoots againſt Church-gates, and private mens doors, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a pair of ſheeres between him and the purſivant of hell, for they both delight in ſin, grow richer by it, and are by juſtice appointed to puniſh it: only the Devill is more cuning, for he picks a living out of others gains. His living lieth in his eye, which (like ſpirits) he ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſurvey the places of darkneſs; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the optickes, but can diſcover no colour but black, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for he is every where; and with a Politick, for

he transforms himselfe into all shapes. He travels on foot to avoid idlenes, and loves the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all sins mortall: for fornication with him is a venall sin, and to take bribes, a mater of charity: he is collector for burnings and losses at Sea, and in casting account, readily substract the lesser from the greater summe. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a process, summons him to appear.

An Almanack-maker.

IS the worst part of an Astronomer: a certain compact of figures, characters and cyphers: out of which he scors the fortune of a year, not so profitably, as doubtfully. He is tennant by custome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houses by lease paroll: to them he paies yearly

yearly rent, his ſtudy, aud time; yet lets them out again (with all his heart) for 40. s. *Per annum*. His life is meerly contemplative: for his practice, 'tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit, and if (by chance) he purcaſe any, he loſeth it again at the years end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his Partons, whoſe volumes he underſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to be credited, than controuled. His life is upright, for he is always looking upward; yet dares believe nothing above *Primum mobile*, for 'tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further than to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom he bequeaths the ſeaſons of the yeer, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Book have a worſe pace than ever had *Rochester* Hackney: for his proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horn tea rmes, and may ſerve for an Almanack: but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather,

any old Shepheard shall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the devils intelligencer for stoln goods, if ever he steal out of that quality: as a flie turns to a Maggot, so the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Emperick: his works fly forth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride poast to Chandlers and Tobacco shops in folio. To be brief, he fals 3. degrees short of his promises; yet is he the Key to unlock Termes, and Law-days, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-ways, and a Bayliff of all Marts and Faires in England. The rest of him you shall know next year; for what he will be then, he himself knows not.

A Hypo-

A Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients *Naturall dishonesty*, and *Artificiall dissimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *evill Nature* and *false Art*, by a monstrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of those creatures that God never made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both these this *Mongrell-weed* will shoot) it is hard to say whether he be *Physicke* or a *Disease*: for he is both in divers respects. As he is gilt with an outside of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himself to you to be taken down in a cup or taste of *Golden zeal* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *Physicke*. Nay and never let *potion* give *Patient* good stool, of being truly tasted and relisht, he be not as lothsome to the stomach of any honest man.

He

He is also *Physicke*, in being as commodious for use, as he is odious in taste, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true use of him. For the malice of his nature makes him so *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or said: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if he may have benefit; that such a creature in a society makes men as carefull of their speeches and actions, as the sight of a known Cut-purse in a throng makes them watchfull over their purses and pockets: he is also in this respect profitable Physick, that his conversation being once truly tasted and discovered, the hatefull foulnes of it will make those that are not fully like him, to purge all such Disease as are rank in him, out of their own lives; as the sight of some Citizens on horse-back, make a judicious man amend his own faults in horsemanship. If one of these uses can be made of him, let him not long offend the stomack of your company; your best way is to spue him out.

That

That he is a Diſeaſe in the body where he liveth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knavery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheep, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northern itch, and the French Ache be diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breed him. If he be a Clergy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himſelfe; like that grave Burgeſs, who being deſired to lend his cloths to repreſent a part in a Comedy, anſwered: *No by his leave, he would have no body play the fool in his clothes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſcivious talke, uſury and unconſcionable dealing; when as himſelf hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape,

Grap, when he can get it of anothers cost. But this must not be done neither, without a preface of seeming toothness, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not do it but to strenthen his body, being even consumed with dissembled zeal, and tedious and thankless babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, do but venture the making your selfe private with him, or trusting of him, and if you come off without a savour of the air which his soul is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried upon the back of these two beasts, that live within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiousness*: and they may well serve to carry other vices, for of themselves they are insupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or divine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or sincere,

ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his own crazed brain, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words fail, (as they often doe) muſt be patched up, to accompliſh his four hours in a day at the leaſt, with long and fervent *Hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter, he cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greek*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Jews*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controverſies* do not edefie; *Logick* and *Philoſophy*, are the ſubtilties of *Satan* to deceive the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *prophane*, and not ſavouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible form of ſpeech and perſwaſion, (though in his own tongue) vain *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſaving that ſometimes *Idleneſs* will put in alſo to bear a

pair

part of the baggage. His other *Neofs Imperiousness*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authority*, *Spiritual* nor *Temporal*, should bind, if it might have the full swing: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay he will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to be fettered with the long chains of his tedious collations, their purses to be emptied with the inundations of his unsatiable humour, and their judgements to be blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*: for this doth he familiarly insult over his *Maintainer* that breeds him, his *Patron* that feeds him, and in time over all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doors, or put a finger in their purses. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Universities*, as reliques of *Superstition*, hath apt from a Shob-board, or a Cloak-bag, to a Desk, or Pulpit, and that like

like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted-cloath of a pure gown, and a night-cap; and with a false Trumpet of *Fained zeal*, draweth after him some poor *Nymphs* and *Madmen*, that delight more to resort to dark Caves and secret places, than to open and publike assemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Disciple*, and *Subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subjection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hook and crook of his Zeal-blind Shepheard. No *Jesuits* demand more blind and absolute obedience from their vassals; no Magistrates of the *Canting* society, more slavish subjection from the members of that travelling state, than the Clerk *Hypocrites* expect from these lay Pulpits. Nay, they must not only be obeyed, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers

doe

do ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſs fellow with a Cudgell under his arm doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger: a Water-bearer* on the ſtore of a Playhouſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeaks nothing but bladers and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward: they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*, they are all zeal, no knowledge: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity no honeſty: and if you never truſt them, they will never deceive you.

A Maquerela,

Amaquerela, in plain English, a Bawd

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath been burnt her ſelf, and therefore is able to kindle a whole green Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* head; *Time is, Time was, & Time is paſt*: in repeating which; ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, and weeps in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are faln out, marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to be frinds, and meet about it. Her years are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawd* is like a Medler, ſhe's no ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her ſtory is like that of the Devill, to have all fair women like her; and becauſe 'tis impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Park* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deer in it are

Rascall: yet poor Cottagers in the Country (that know her but by hearesay) think well of her; for what she encloses to day, she makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her self are all removed in one sort, only she makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, make her she cannot endure a posset, because it puts her in mind of a Bason. She sits continually at a rackt Rent; especially, if her *Landlord* bear Office in the parish: for her moveables in the house; (besides her quick cattell) they are not worth an *Inventory*; onely her beds are most commonly in print: she can easily turn a Sempstress into a waiting Gentlewoman, but her Wardrob is most infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-sickness*: she hath onely this own shew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentle-man send for ten pottles of wine in her house, he shall have but ten quarts; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in stew'd prunes. The Justices Clark

ſtands many times her very good friend; and works her peace with the Juſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing joyes her ſo much, as the comming over of Strangers; nor daunts her ſo much, as the approach of Shrovetueſday. In fine; nor to foul more paper with ſo foul a ſubject, he that hath paſt under her hath paſt the *Equinoctial*; He that hath ſcap't her hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her hair, and her painting very private. Her induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Green ſickneſs* for ever; For ſhe hath ter-

rible dreams when ſhe's awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night-mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but ſhe holds *London* the goodlieſt Foreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greens* works over and over, but is ſo carried away with the *Miror of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolv'd to run out of her ſelf, and become a Lady Errand. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe divides it ſo equally between the Maſter and the Serving-man, as if ſhe had cut out the geting of it by a Thred: only the knave *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and overreach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paid for her credulity often, and now grows weary. She likes the form of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyde to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtions of Virginity: Her mind, her body, and clothes, are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of good utterance, ſhe perpetually laughs

out

out her meaning. Her Mistris and she help to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for love or money. In brief, these *Chambermaids* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speak no otherwise of this *varnisht rottenness*, than in truth and verity he is, I must define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impiety; a fair object to the eye. but stark naught for the understanding: or else a violent thing, much given to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the *Papist*, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurditie;

like the Flanders nere adjoyning unto *China*, who salute by puting of their shooes because the Men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is upon Sunday, and he is sure to feast upon Friday. He can better afford you ten lies, than one oath; and dare commit any sin gilded with a pretence of sanctity. He will not stick to commit Fornication or Adultety, so it be done in the fear of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lie with any whore save the whore of *Babylon*. To steal he holds it lawfull, so it be from the wicked and Egyptians. He had rather see *Antichrist*, than a picture in the Church window: and chooseth sooner to be falsehanged, than see a leg at the name of *JESUS*, or one stand at the *Creed*. He conceives his prayer in the Kitchen, rather than in the Church; and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *extempore*. He thinks every Organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather hear

one

one of *Robert Wisdoms Psalms*, than the best *Hymne* a *Cherubim* can sing. He will not break wind without an *Apology*, or asking forgivenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for fear of lusting after her. He hath nicknam'd all the Profits and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is so sure of *his* salvation, that he will not change places in Heaven with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man.

HEE is distinguished from a Scholler by a pair of silk stockings, and a Beaver Hat, which makes him contemn a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a School-master. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seen two playes, he thinks as basely of the

University, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-School*. He talkes of the *University*, with that state, as if he were her Chancellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this half year. He will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be false, with as great confidence, as ever *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't be *Tavernes* and *Ordinaries*. He is as far behind a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behind him: and the best grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance.

He laughs at every man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a fair shoo-tie, and he is ashamed to be seen in any mans company that wears not his cloaths well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest prayer is, that his revenues may hold out for Taffata-cloaks in the Summer, and Velvet in the Winter. For his recreation, he had rather goe to a Citizens wife, than

than a Bawdy house, only to save charges; and he holds Fee-tail to be absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of Wine, for one he gives. You shall never see him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suit, or fears a Sergeant; At which times he onely betakes himself to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*; and *Justinian*, fools, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chief Justices*.

A meer fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose mind soars above his purse. If he hath read *Tacitus Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policy he had;

had; and laughs to think what a fool he could make of *Solomon*, if he were now alive. He never wears new clothes, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. He hath sworn to see *London* once a year, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turn in Pauls, and observe the fashion. He thinks it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely clears, without resignation mony. He will not leave his part he hath in the priviledge over young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a sealing as a *Cormorant* doth for a dear year: yet commonly he spends that revenue before he receives it.

At meals, he sits in as great state over his *Penny-Commons*, as ever *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, he thinks himself greater than ever *Cæsar* was, or the

the *Turk* at this day is. And he had rather lose an inheritance than an Office, when he stands for it.

If he be to travel, he is longer furnishing himself for a five miles journey, than a ship is rigging for a seven years voyage. He is never more troubled, than when he is to maintain talk with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more obsurdities, than a Clown in eating of an egge.

He thinks himself as fine when he is in a clean band, and a new pair of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *University*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy Commander in the Wars

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. He never bloudies his sword but in heat of battle; and had rather save one of his own Souldiers, than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vain-glorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not think his body yeilds a more spreading shadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemies dead body, 'tis a kind of noble heavinefs, no insultation; he is so honourably

rably mercifull to women in ſurprizall, that only, that make him an excellent Courtier. He knows, the hazard of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtrives to gain reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatneſs of his actions. He is the firſt in giving the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equal toyl he endures with the common Souldier: from his examples they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. He underſtands in war, there is no mean to ere twice; the firſt, and laſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repair it by being examples of his *Juſtice*. Beſiege him never ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make uſe of a victory, as to get it, and purſuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being aſſured, if ever a man will benefit himſelf upon his foe, then is the time

when they have lost force, wisdom, courag, and reputation. The goodness of his cause is the speciall motive to his valour; never is he known to slight the weak'st enemy that comes arm'd against him in the band of *Justice*. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not suffer them to drive; if he cannot overcome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If ever he shake hands with war, he can die more calmly than most Courtiers, for his continuall dangers have been as it were so many meditations of death; he thinks not out of his own calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *Cap-a-pe*. He utters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glasse* should encounter *Adamant*. He thinks war is never to be given ore, but on one of these three conditions: an assured *peace*, absolute *victory*, or an honest *death*. Lastly, when peace

peace folds him up, his silver head should lean neer the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* bosom.

A vain-glorious Coward in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by some Noble-mans letter: he loves a life dead pays, yet wishes they may rather happen in his Company by the scurvy, than by a battle. View him at a muster, and he goes with such a nose, as if his body were the wheel-barrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers: No man can worse design between *Pride* and noble *Courtesie*: he that salutes him not so fare as a Pistoll carries levell, gives him the *disgust* or *affront*, chuse you whether. He trains by the book,

book, and reckons so many postures of the Pike and Musket, as if he were counting at Noddy. When he comes at first upon a Camisado, he looks like the four winds in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set, suffers fear and trimbling to dresse themselves in his face apparantly. He scornes any man should take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been so humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troops for him. He is so sure arm'd for taking hurt, that he seldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what sum he can make to satisfie his ransome. He will rail openly against all the great *Commanders* of the adverse party; yet in his own conscince allowes them for better men: such is the nature of his fear, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him think better of another man than himself. The first part of him that is set a runing, is his

Eye,

Eye-sight; when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtive Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſlay him; if ever he do any thing beyond his own heart, 'tis for a *Knight-hood*, and he is the firſt kneels for't without bidding.

A Pyrate.

TRuly defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for he fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Give him Sea-room in never ſo ſmall a veſſell, and like a witch in a ſeive, you would think he were going to make merry with the Devill. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leave off his theeving, though he be in a narrow priſon, and look every day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Devill hath added, to make the Sea more terrible than a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned to that rugged element, that he

cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: he hath so little of his own, that the house he sleeps in is stolen; all the necessities of life he filches, but one: he cannot steal a sound sleep, for his troubled conscience. He is very gentle to those under him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world, for he gives licence to all rape, murder and cruelty, in his own example: what he gets, is small use to him, onely lives by it, (somewhat the longer) to do a little more service to his belly; for he throws away his treasure upon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his own kind; and as a *Whale* never comes a-shore but when she is wounded; so he very seldom, but for his necessities. He is the *Merchants book*, that serves onely to reckon up his losses, *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *hurricane of the Sea*, *and the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this give him but his pardon, and forgive him restitution, he may live to know the inside of a Church,

and

and die on this ſide *Wapping*.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beſide ſhaving of Cudgels, hath a good inſight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Fleſh and bloud he is, like other men; but ſurely nature meant him *Stockfiſh*: his, and a Dancing-ſchool, are inſeparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both ſtinke of ſweat moſt abominable, neither ſhall complain of annoyance: three large Bavins ſet up his Trade, with a Bench, which (in the vacation of the afternoon) he uſes for his day-bed: for a firkin to piſſe in, he ſhall be allowed that, by thoſe make *Allom*: when he comes on the Stage at his Prize, he makes a leg ſeven ſeverall ways, and

ſcrambles for mony, as if he had been born at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge he ſhews his metall; for contrary to all rules of *Phyſick*, he dares bleed, though it be in the dog-days: he teaches *Deviliſh* play in's School, but when he fights himſelf, he doth it in the fear of a good Chriſtian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good upſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome above skin-deep; for an inward bruiſe, Lambſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange School-maſters they are, that every day ſet a man as far backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *injury*. One ſign of a good nature is, that he is ſtill open breſted to his friends: for his ſoil, and his doublet, wear not out above two buttons, and reſolute he is, for he ſo much ſcorns to take blowes, that

that he never wears *Cuffes*; and he lives better contented with a little than other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, he thinks Nature hath over done him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly these fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters than onely to read their Pattent.

A Puny-Clark.

HEE is tane from *Grammar-School* half codled, and can hardly shake off his dreams of breeching in a twelve moneth. He is a Farmers Son; and his fathers utmost ambition is to make him an *Attorney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his breeches extreamly with feeding without a napkin. He studies false Dice

to cheat Costermongers, and is most chargeable to the Butler of some *Inne of Chancery*, for pissing in their green-pots. He eats Ginger-bread at a Play-house; and is so sawcy, that he ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banqueting house, and hath it. He would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him be think him how he shall shift another day. He prays hotly against fasting; and so he may sup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his master be a *Puritane*. He practices to make the words in his *Declaration* spread, as a Sewer doth the dishes at a Niggards Table; a Cleark of a swooping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large tail. Though you be never so much delay'd, you must not call his Master knave; that makes him go beyond himself, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. These are some certain of his *liberal faculties*: but in the Term time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom Bug*. Lastly, which is great pitty, he never comes to his full growth

growth with bearing on his shoulder the sinful burthen of his Master at several Courts in *Westminster-Hall.*

A Foot-man.

LEt him be never so well made, yet his legs are not matchless for he is still setting the best foot forward. He will, never be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his own, ever since his child-hood. His mother (which out of question, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race; thinking age would reclaim him from his wild courses. He is very long winded; and without doubt, but that he hates naturally to serve on horse-back, he had proved an excellent Trumpet. He has one happinesse a-

bove all the rest of the Servingmen: for when he most over-reaches his Master, he is best thought of. He lives more by his own heat than the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greatest fancy to him when he is in his close trouses. Gards he wears none; which makes him live more upright than any crosse-gartered Gentleman-usher. 'Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, cause a man must take it as he's running; only this, Horses are usually let bloud on St. *Stevens* day: on St. *Patricks* he takes rest, and is drencht for all the year after.

A Noble and retired House-keeper.

IS one whose bounty is limited by *Reason*, not *ostentation*: and to make it last, he deals it discreetly, as one sow the *furrow*, not by the sack, but

by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but alway go together. He can survay good, and love it, and loves to do it himself, for it own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to outlive good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice: His mind is so secure, that *thunder* rocks him asleep, which breaks other mens slumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and gesture is painted, *The God of Hospitality*. His great houses bear in their front more durance, than state; unlesse this add the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new phantasticall building. His *heart* never grows old, no more than his *Memory*, whether at his book or on horseback; he passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say, any time is lost by him: nor hath he onely *years*: to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *Vertues*. His thoughts have a high *Aim*, though their dweling bein the *Vale of*

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an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raises water to fall, that it may rise the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* serves not for all Seas, but this doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quick-sands*. He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent is brest to brest with vertues; and even then, like the *Sun* neer his Set, he shewes unto the world his *clearest countenance*.

An Intruder into favour

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlander is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poor ſutor, he falſly calls a *Couragius conſtancie*, and thinks the beſt part of gravity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlaviſhly ſubmiſſe, though envious to thoſe that are in better place than himſelf; and knows the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty under a fair pretext) he ſeems to preſerve mud in Chryſtal. Like a man of a kind nature, he is the firſt good to himſelf, in the next file, to his French Taylor, that gives him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever he doe

good

good deed (which is very seldom) his own mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *skrews*, and his face is the *Vice* that moves them. If his *Patron* be given to musick, he opens his chops, and *Sings*, or with a wrie neck, falls to tuning his instrument: if that fail, he takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He follows the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to encrease his own. He pretends he is most undeservedly envied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Chesse*, that a Pawn before a King is most playd on. Debts he owes none but shrewd turns, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *Glasse* to conceal age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountains Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you back his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose up into the wind, and shews you his tail: yet all this gay glitter, shews on him, as if the Sun shone in

in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt; and when he is falling, he goes of himſelf faſter than miſery can drive him.

A fair and hapy Milk-maid

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelf beautifull by Art, that one look of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelf) is farre better than out ſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoil of the *Silke-worm*, ſhe is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed,

ſpoil

ſpoil both her *complexion* & *conditions*; Nature hath taught her, too *immoderate ſleep is ruſt to the Soul*: ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticlear* her dames Cock, and at night makes *Lamb* her *Curfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teats through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milk-preſſe makes the Milk the whiter or ſweeter; for never came *Almond Glove* or *Aromatique Ointment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiſſe her feet when ſhe reaps them as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which ſents all the year long of *June*, like a new made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winters evenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheel) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeems *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. She beſtows her years wages at next fair; and in

chuſing

chusing her garments, counts no bravery i'th' world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physick* and *Chyrurgery* and she lives the longer for't. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep i'th' night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Fridaies dream is all her *superstition*, that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *Spring-time*, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

An arrant Horse-courser

HAth the trick to blow up Horse-flesh as the Butcher doth Veale, which shall wash out again in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long since, but for this ungodly tyreman. He is curst all over the four ancient High-ways of England; none but the blind men that sell switches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with so many Diseases, one would thinke most part about Smith-field were an Hospitall for Horses, or a slaughter-house of the Common-hunt. Let him furnish you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings warrant overtook you within ten miles to stay your journey. And though a man cannot say, he couzens you directly; yet any Ostler within ten miles, should he be brought upon his

Book-

Book-path, will affirme he hath laid a bait for you. Resolve when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were upon some Usurer, that will never bear with you past his day. He were good to make one that had the Collick alight often, and [illegible] exam[illegible]e will cause him make urine; let him onely for that say, *Gra[illegible]ers Horse*. For his sale of horses, he [illegible] [illegible]overs for all manner of diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which he despairs not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a wodden leg and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quick silver, and giving him suppositories of live Elees, he's expert. All the while you are a chapping, he fears you will not bite, but he laughs in his sleeve, when he hath cozened you in earnest. Frenchmen are his best chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpose, and knows he can deceive them very easily. He is so constant to his Trade, that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when

he's asleep, he dreams very fearfully of the paving of Smithfield, for he knows it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

HIs life is a meer counterfeit Patent which nevertheless makes many a Countrey Justice tremble. *Don Quixote's water-mills* are still Scotch Bagpipes to him. He sends Challenges by word of mouth; for he protests (as he is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of Land, and great houses, beside both the Counters. If any private quarrell happen among out great Courtiers; he proclaims the *business*, that's the word, the *business*; as if the u-

nited

ited force of the *Romish Catholicke*, were making up for *Germany*. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Town; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his own Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superviſor* to Brothels, and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, than Prentices on Shrove-tueſday. He loves his friend, as a Councellor at Law loves the velvet breeches he was firſt made Barrister in, he'l be ſure to wear him thredbare ere he forſake him. He ſleeps with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt prayer i'th' morning is he may remember whom he fell out with over night. *Soulder* he is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh twen *Onion-ſeed* and *Gunpowder*; if he have worn it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and ſo come to the knowlege of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at will; and that's Borrowing. Land-lords have but four Quarter-dayes, but he three hun-

dred and odde. He keep very go[illegible] *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckonin*[illegible] and when he goes not drunk to bed, he[illegible] very sick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in[illegible] throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of some (that have escap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, only to deter man from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman resident in England.

IS but a Quarter-Master with his wife. He stinkes of Butter, as if he were anointed all over for the Itch. Let him come over never so lean, and plant him but one Moneth near the Brew-house in S. *Katherines*, and he'l be puff up to your hand like a blont Herring. Of all

 plac[illegible]

ces of pleasure, he loves a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had need be ringed for rooting. Next to these he affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeaths the best prize in his Will aforehand; when his hopes fail, he's blank. They swarm in great Tenements like Flies: six Households will live in a Garret. He was wont (onely to make us fools) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, and sell the tail for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-Waters makes a number of mad men. He loves a Welshman extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, he's onely guided by the mouth: when he's drunk, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eeles-skin, and strip him, his inside outwards. He hoords up fair gold, and pretends 'tis to seeth in his Wives broth for a consumption, and loves the memory of King *Henry* the 8. most especially for his old Soveraigns.

He ſays we are unwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in *England:* for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoever, he deſires no other thing in the world, than Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trembles at, is ſmall Beer, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy between him and his cloaths, to be made a puppy: view him well, and you'l ſay his Gentry ſits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to ſend money to, than the Devil hath to ſend his ſpirits: and to furniſh each Miſtreſſe, would make him run beſides his

his wits, if he had any to lose. He account[s] faithfulness the wickedest thing in the world; and therefore studies impudence. If all men were of his mind, all honesty would be out of fashion: he withers his clothes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to do his suits in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you mark his rising, 'tis with a kind of walking Epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may passe for currant: he studies by the descretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboon: three such would keep three the nimblest Barbers in the town from ever having leasure to wear net-Garters: for when they have to do with him, they have many Irons in'th fire. He is travelled, but to little purpose; only went over for a squirt, and came back again, yet never the more mended in his conditions, 'cause he carried himself along with him: a Scholler he pretends himself, and saies he hath sweat for it but the truth is, he knows *Cornelius* far better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary

sports are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse-races, from whence he comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calf, he goes down into the Country: where he is brought to milk and white cheese like the Switzers.

A Button-maker of Amsterdam

IS one that is fled over for his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children upon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerly a *Horn-book* without a *Christ-Cross* afore it: and his zeal consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: he couzens men in the purity of his clothes: and 'twas his only joy when he was on this side, to be in Prison: he cries out, 'Tis impossible for any man to be dam'd, that lives in his Religion, and his equivocation is true: as long as a man lives

lives in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the year, he accounts St. *Georges* Feast the prophanest, because of S. *Georges* Cross, yet somtime he doth *sacrifice* to his own belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his own nativity, or wedding till *good Friday*. If there be a great Feast in the Town, though most of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will be sure to be a guest, and to out-eat six of the fattest *Burgers*: he thinks, though he may not pray with a *Jew*, he may eat with a *Jew*: he winks when he prays, and thinks he knows the way so now to heaven, that he can find it blindfold. Latin he accounts the language of the *Beast* with seven heads; and when he speaks of his own Country, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Lastly, his devotion is *Obstinacy*; the only solace of his heart, *Contradition*; and his main end, *Hypocrisie*.

A distaster

A Diskaster of the Time

IS a *Winter Grashoper* all the year long that looks back upon *Harvest*, with a lean pair of cheecks, never sets forward to meet it, his malice sucks up the greatest part of his own venome, and therewith impoisoneth himself: and this sicknesse rises rather of *self-opinion, or overgreat expedition*; so in the conceit of his own over-worthinesse, like a *Coistrel*, he strives to fill himself with wind, and flies against it. Any mans advancement is the most Capital offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like [illegible] *Bull*, makes that a torment, first [illegible] himself, he prepared for others: he [illegible] *Deybed for the devil* to slumber on; his bloud is of a yellowish colour; like those that have been bitten by *Vipers*; and his gall flows as thick in him as oyl in a poyson'd stomack. He infects all society, as thunder sowres wine: war or peace, dearth

or

or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where he finds no cause to tax the State, he descends to rail against the rate of Salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlwinds*; which breath'd forth, return into himself, and make him a most giddy & tottering vessel. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walk in his sleep, for his visitation is directed to none; his businesse is nothing. He is often dumb-mad, and goes fetter'd in his own entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions therefore truly of none. Thus by naturalizing himself, some would think him a very dangerous fellow to the state, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is only like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his cogging.

A meer

A meer fellow of an house.

EXamines all mens carriage but his own; and is so kind-natured to himself, he finds fault with all mens but his own. He wears his apparel much after the fashion; his means will not suffer him to come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-velvet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colleges next leases acquaintance: his inside is of the self-same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glass of self-liking, there *Cræsus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in a broader phrase, are *school-boys*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senseless discourse towes them alone, not out of ignorance. He shews them the rind, conceals the sap: by this means he keeps them the longer, himself the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period,

riod, to recover his memory: and ſtudies chiefly to ſet his eyes and beard to a new form of learning. His Religion lies in wait for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebs nor flows, but juſt ſtanding water: between *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreams are of plurality of Benefices and Non-reſidency; and when he riſes, ads a long Grace to his looking-glaſſe. Againſt he comes to be ſome great mans Chaplain, he hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. He ſpeakes ſwords, fights, *Ergo's*: His peace on foot is a meaſure; on horſe-back a gallop: for his legs are his own, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe uſe than poſſeſſion of Books. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo unskilled in the Herauldry of a ſtudy, but he knows each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins another.

A meer Petty fogger

IS *one of Sampsons Foxes:* He sets men together by the eares, more shamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a fishing *with the Penall statutes*. He cannot erre before Judgment, and then you see it, only *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keep his *Client* undoing somewhat the longer. He is a vestry-man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blows, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to *Under-Shriveship*, which having thrice runne through, he doe's not fear the *Lieutenant* o'th' Shire: nay more, he fears not God. *Cowardise* holds him a good Common-wealths man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle, whence he

he reaps both Coyn and curses. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles makes him whole; to have half in the County break their Bonds, were the only liberty of Conscience. He would wish (though he be a *Brownist*) no neighbour of his should pay his Tithes duly, if such Suits held continuall Plea at *Westminster*. He cannot away with the reverend Service in our Church, because it ends with *The peace of God*. He loves blows extremely, and hath his *Chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, incense the fury: he would not give away his yearly beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in form of a Law-case, full af quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing else, yet) for the vexation of Law, may have cause to remember him. And if he thought the ghost of men did walk again (as they report in time of Popery) sure he would hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his spirit might haunt there

Only

Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Bar, and leave him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, ever since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corn.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him, he slanders both Heaven and earth with pretended Dearths when there's no cause of scarcity. He hoarding in a deer year, is like *Erisichons* Bowels in *Ovid*: *Quodque urbibus esse: quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit ant.* He prayes daily for more inclosures, and knows no reason in his Religion, why we should call our forefathers days, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheat for twelve pence a bushell. He wishes that *Dantzig* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather be cer-

certain of some forraign invasion, than of the seting up of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy half a bushel i'th' Market to serve his Houshold: and winnows his Corn in the night, lest, as the Chaffe thrown upon the water, shew'd plenty in *Egypt*; so his (carried by the wind) should proclaim his abundance. No painting pleales him so well, as *Pharahs* dream of the seven lean Kine, that eat up the fat ones; that he has in his Parlor, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perswaded (and not much amisse) that 'tis a sparer of bread-corn; which he could find in's heart to transport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet smels he cannot abide; wishes that the pure air were generally corrupted: nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy for ever,

or we our superfluous sence of smelling, (as he tearms it) that his Corn might not be found musty. The poor he accounts the Justices Intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complains of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Son, by a certain kind of instinct, he binds Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a dear year in's belly, and ravins bread extreamly: when he comes to be a free man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Devillish Usurer

IS sowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-seed*, with curses; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is far better read in the *Pewall Statutes*, than the Bible; and his

evil angel perſwades him, he ſhall ſoon-
er be ſaved by them. He can be no
mans friend; for all men he hath moſt
intereſt in, he undoes: and a double
dealer, he is certainly, for by his good
will, he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his
money to the unnatural Act of generati-
on; and his Scriv'ner is the ſupervifor
bawd to't. Good deeds he loves none,
but Seal'd and Delivered: nor doth he
wiſh any thing to thrive in the Country,
but Bee-hives; for they make him wax
rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet
thinks he might be drawn to love a
Scholler, could he reduce the year to a
ſhorter compaſs, that his uſe mony might
come in the ſafter. He ſeems to be the
ſon of a Jaylor, for all his eſtate is in
moſt heavy and cruel bonds. He doth
not give, but ſell days of payment, and
thoſe at the rate of a mans undoing: he
doth onely fear the day of Judgement
would fall ſooner, than the payment of
ſome great ſum of money due to him;
he removes his lodging when a ſubſidy

comes; and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treason, but 'tis in fine a deformed silence, as Witches raise their spirits in. Gravity he pretends in all things, but in his private Whore; for he will not in a hundred pound take out light sixpence; and it seems he was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. He is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Jakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) he falls into a cold sweat, if he but look into the Chauncery; thinks in his religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were abolisht. He hides his money as if he thought to find it again at the last day, and then begins old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should he live to be hang'd in them, this good they would do him, The very Hangman would pity his case. The Table he keeps, is able to starve twenty tall men his fri-

ment have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A spare diet he commends in all men, but himself: he comes to Cathedrals only for love of the singing-boyes, because they look hungry. He likes our Religion best because 'tis best cheap; yet would fain allow of Purgatory, cause 'twas of this Trade, and brought in so much money: his heart goes with the same snaphance his purse doth, 'tis seldome open to any man: friendship he accounts but a word without any signification; nay, he loves all the world so little, that and it were possible, he would make himself his own Executor: for certain, he is made Administrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is so far from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that he lets it stinke above ground. In conclusion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, like her Sister, the Fox or desperate:

pair, for seldome such as he dies of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speak well of himself; for alwaies he names himself, *The first man*. If he had betane himself to some richer Trade, he could not have choos'd but done well: For in this (though it be a mean one) he is still plying it, and putting himself forward. He is evermore telling strange News, most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, he'l equivocate and swear he's a single man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does best, when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he looks: he keeps such a bawling at Westminster, that if the Lawyers

were

were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is upon the Water, he is Fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies, and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment: the Playhouses only keep him sober, and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noons man. London-bridge is the most terrible eyesore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge

IS one that desires to have his greatnes only measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appear such to the people, as he would have them be; and to be himself such as he appears; for vertue cannot seem one thing, and be another: he knows that the hill of greatness yeelds a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his own therefore, that they may farre be above their pitty: he wishes fewer Laws, so they were better observ'd: and for those are inulctuary, he understands their institution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoid the shipwrack of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither

neither hope, nor diſpair of preferment can draw him to ſuch an excigent: he thinks himſelf then moſt honourably ſeated, when he gives mercy the upper hand: he rather ſtrives to purchaſe good name, than land; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to have his followers wear their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place there he delivers his mind plainly, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to have leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe back with the Heraulds: but fairly ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widow

IS the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the supplantinig of her husband. For her childrens sake she first maries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she maries no more. She is like the purest Gold, only imployed for Princes Medals, she never receives but one mans impression; the large joynture moves her not, titles of honnour cannot sway her. To change her name, were (she thinkes) to commit a sinne should make her asham'd of her husbands calling. She thinks she hath travel'd all the world in one man; the rest of her time therefore she directs to heaven. Her main superstition is she thinks her husbands ghost would walk, should she not perform his will: she would doe it, were there no

Prero-

Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into works of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see her self full of time; being so necessary for earth, God cals her not to heaven, till she be very aged: and even then, though her naturall strength fail her, she stands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the lesse it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This latter Chastity of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere she was maried: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor fear, nor jealousie. She ought to be a mirour for our yongest Dames to dresse themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come near her; for in suffering the losse of her husband, she accounts all the rest trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be. She hath buried it in her one heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without

any

any superstition in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc'd.

An ordinary Widow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in tears; and the end of her tears begins in a Husband. She uses to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never maries without the consent of six Midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gains; for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boyes doe Pellets in Eldern Guns. She commends to them a single life, as Horse-coursers doe their Jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of

of the biggeſt of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in in a weaker Bow. Her ſervants or kinsfolk, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to his combat; by them ſhe gains much credit, but loſeth it again in the old Proverb: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe live to be thrice maried, ſhe ſeldome fails to couzen her ſeconds huſbands Creditors. A churchman ſhe dare not venture upon; for ſhe hath heard widowes complain of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though he have Candle-rents in the City, for his eſtate may be ſubject to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhews his exceeding great practice, and can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may do much for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow: ever provided, that moſt part of her Plate and Jewels (before the wedding) be conceal'd with her Scrivener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhe falls off her ſelf: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the tittle is

crack't

crack't. Lastly, while she is a Widow, observe her, she is no morning woman: the evening, a good fire and sack, may make her listen to a husband: and if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomack to bed-ward.

A Quack-salver

IS a Mountebank of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if he can but come by names enow of diseases to stuffe it with 'tis all the skill he studies for. He took his first beginning from a Cunning woman, and stole this black Art from her, while he made her Sea-coal fire. All the diseases ever sin brought upon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his main cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with raying against such, as leave their cures for

fear

fear of infection, & in friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fish-wives at funerals, he utters a most abominable deal of *Carduus water*, & the Conduits cry out, All the learned Doctors may cast their Caps at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary in the suburbs, at whose house he lies: and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richest horn in his shope) displease him. All the Midwives in the Town are his Intelligencers; but Nurses and young Merchants Wives (that would fain conceive with child) these are his Idolaters. He is a more unjust bone-setter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the small Pox; more deaf than the *Catarrhus*, or *Rheum*; lamed more than the Gowt: shrunk more sinews than one that makes Bowstrings, and kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to love a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier: his discourse is vomit, and his igno-

rance,

rance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would helpeedily cured, he hath more delays and doubles, than a Hare, or a Law-suit: he seeks to set us at variance with nature, & rather than he shall want diseases, hee'l beget them. His especial practice (as I said afore) is upon women; labours to make their minds sick, ere their bodies feel it, and then ther's, work for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Juggler with Urinals, so dangerously unskilfull, that if ever the City will have recourse to him for diseases that need purgation, let them emply him in scowring *Moor-ditch*.

A CAN-

A Canting Rogue.

IT is not unlikely but he was begot by ſome Intelligencer under a hedge; for his mind is wholly given to travel. He is not troubled with making of jointures: he can divorce himſelf without the fee of a Proctor, nor fears he the cruelty of over-ſeers of his will. He leaves his children all the world to Cant in and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue; the Northern ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but *Canting* is general, nor ever could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though he ſtarve; nor break his oath if he ſwear by his *Solomon*, though you hang him: and he pays his cuſtome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turk. The March Sun breeds a-

agues in others, but he adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progress after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for he is of the Infantry, and serves beston foot. He offends not the Statute against the excess of apparel, for he will go naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lye in a Barn together, yet are never sued upon the Statute of Innates. If he were learned, no man could make a better description of *England*, for he hath travel'd it over and over. Lastly, he brags, that his great houses are repaired to his hands, when Churches go to ruin: and those are prisons.

A French

A French Cook.

HE learnt his trade in a Town of Garrison near famisht, where he practised to make a little go far; some drive it from more antiquity, and say, *Adam* (when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate; and though his command lie in the Kitchen (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you find him a very sawcy companion. Ever since the Wars in *Naples*, he hath so minc't the ancient and bountiful allowance, as if his Nation should keep a perpetual diet. The Servingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why Noble-

men build their houses so great: for the smalnesse of their Kitchen, makes the house the bigger: and the Lord calls him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, mushrooms, or any thing: that which he dresses, we may rather call a drinking, than a meal; yet he is so full of variety, that he brags, and truly, that he gives you but a taft of what he can do: he dares not for his life come among the butchers, for sure they would quarter and bake him after the *English* fashion; hee's such an enemy to Beef and Mutton. To conclude, he were only fit to make a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton.

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Proverbs, he cannot endure to hear that which sayes, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church-yard; at least within five foot on't: for at every Church stile, commonly ther's an Ale-house: where let him be found never so idle pated, he is still a grave drunkard. He breaks his fast heartilest while he is making a grave, and sayes, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a Sloven, yet he loves clean linnen extremely; and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets be not made worms meat. Like a Nation called the *Cafani*, he weeps when any are born, and laughes when they die: the reason; he gets by Burials,

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Taverne over Sack, till the Diall and himself be both at a stand: he never observes any time but Sermon time, and there he sleeps by the hour-glass. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and he payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes work for the Sexton, as the Rope-maker for the hangman. Lastly he wishes the Dog-days would last all yeer long: and a great plague is his yeer of Jubile.

A Iesuite.

IS a larger Spoon for a Traytour to feed with the Devill, then any other Order: unclaspe him, and he's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstiriously he follows the Pope, that he for sakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seem heavenly; but in meddiling with State-

businesse,

business, he seems to mix heaven and earth together. His best Elements, are Confession and Penance; by the first, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heaps wealth to his Seminary. He sprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spanish* Souldier; and though he were found out long since the invention of the Canon, 'tis thought he hath not done less mischefe. He is a half Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry in their Counsels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more sinne the decrowning of Kings, than our Puritanes doe, the suppression of Bishops. His order is full of irregularitie and disobedience; ambitious above all measure; for of late days, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he rejected the name of Jesuite, and would be call'd Disciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he wears a mask upon his heart; in *England* he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our Climate hides him so securely as a Ladies

Chamber: the modesty of the *Pursevant* hath only forborn the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings evill.* To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, he's a Fox; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoever is commendable to the grave Orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center.* He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower than the prompter; not lowder than the Foile or Target. By his action he fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate, we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walk't again, and take him (at severall times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and tis a question wither that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musick. He entertains us in the best leasure of our life, that is, between meales, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde Beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some think this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men have been of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what he doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one plays a Monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night to morrow a Precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dyes, we cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare, I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs out ſide is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inſide may give armes (with the beſt Gentlemen) and ne're ſee the Herauld. There is no true ſervant in the Houſe then himſelf. Though he be Maſter, he ſays not to his ſervants, Goe to field, but Let us goe; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and ſet forward all manner of husbandrie. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yeelds him both food and rayment: he is pleas'd with any nouriſhment God ſends, whilſt curious gluttony ranſackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meal. He is ne'r known to go to Law; underſtanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to be hid-bound among his beaſts; they thrive not under it: aud that ſuch men

ſleep

sleep as unquietly, as if their pillowes were stuft with Lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poor Tenants cottage hinders his prospect: thay are indeed his Almes-houses; though there be painted on them no such superscription: he never sits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the Hare, nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the Snite, or pitfalls for the Black-bird; nor oppression, but when in the moneth of July, he goes to the next River, and shears his sheep. He allowes of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country Lasses dance in the Church-yard after Even-song. Rock Munday, and the Wake in Summer, shrovings, the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eve, the Hoky, or Seed cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the

privie

privy closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a Tenure and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes, he needs not fear his Audit, for his *Quietous* is in heaven.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all over with impudence, and should he be hang'd ot pilloried, tis armed for it. He is a Juggler with words, yet practises the Art of most uncleanly con-

conveyance. He doth boggle very often; and because himself winks at it, thinks 'tis not perceived: the main thing that ever he did was the tune he sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pittiful, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leave him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laid together.

A Covetous

A Covetous man.

THis man would love honour and adore God, if there were an L more in his name: He hath coffin'd up his soul in his chests before his body; He could wish he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymical quality. At the grant of a new subsidy he would gladly hang himself, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and begins to take money upon use, when he hears of a privy seal. His morning prayer is to over-look his bags, whose every parcel begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to couzen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to undo some Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-known days of payment con'd by heart; and if he ever pray, it is, some one may break his day, that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His use is

doubled;

doubted, and no one ſix pence begot or born, but preſently by an untimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not be acquainted with fire, for fear of miſchance, but if extremity of cold pinch him, he gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime removing his aged woodpile, which he means to leave to many deſcents, till it hath out lived all the woods of that Countrey. He never ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new years gifts) in hope that his ſervants will break glaſſes for want of light, which they double pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes than any other mens thoughts, and he conceives no ſin which he dare not act ſave only luſt, from which he abſtains for fear he ſhould be charged with keeping Baſtards: once a year he feaſts, the reliques of which meal ſhall ſerve him the next quarter. In his talk he rails againſt eating of breakfaſts drinking betwixt meals, and ſwears he is impoveriſhed with paying of tithes. He had rather

have

have the frame of the fall, than the price of Corn. If he chance to travel, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithful cloak-bag is sure to take care for his provision. His nights are as troublesom as his days, every Rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in *Hungary*, or might follow the custom of that country that all her portion might be a weding Gown. If he fall sick, he had rather die a thousand deaths than pay for any Physick; & if he might have his choice, he would not go to heaven but on condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaves a heap of pelf (which so many carefull hands had scrapped together) to hast after him to hell, and by the way it judges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud Man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemns every one besides his master, who when he wears new clothes, thinks himself wrong'd, if they be not observ'd, imitated, and his discretion in the choice of his fashion and stuffe applauded: when he vouchsafes to blesse the air with his presence, he goes as near the wall as his Sattin suit will give him leave, and every passenger he views under the eyebrows, to observe whether he vails his bonnet low enough, which he returns with an Imperious Nod: he never salutes first, but his farewell is perpetual. In his attire he is effeminate, every hair knows his own station; which if it chance to lose it is check't in again with his pocket comb. He had rather have the whole Commonwealth out of order, than the least member

er of his Muchato, and chooses rather to
se his patrimony, than to have his band
uffled; at a feast if he be not placed in the
ighest seat, he eats nothing howsoever, he
drinks to no man, talks with no man for
ear of familiarity. He professeth to keep
is stomach for the *Pheasan* or the *Quail*,
nd when they come he can eat little, he
ath been so cloyed with them that year,
although they be the first he saw. In his
discourse he talks of none but Privy
Councellors, and is as prone to be-lie their
acquaintance, as he is a Ladies favours: if
he have but twelve pence in's purse, he
will give it for the best room in a play-
house. He goes to sermons, only to shew
his gay cloaths, and if on other inferiour
days he chance to meet his friend, he is
sorry he sees him not in his best suit.

A Prison.

IT should be Christs Hospitall: for most of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept upon Alms. Charities house and this, are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praise worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but prove good Christians, in that they are a kind of Martyrs, and suffer for the truth. And yet it is so cursed a piece of Land that the son is ashamed to be his fathers heir in it. It is an infected pest-house all the year long: the plague-sores of the Law, are the diseases here hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Atturnies and Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord have mercy upon us*, may well stand over these doors, for debt

debt is a most dangerous and catching City pestilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moor-fields, (by reason the madmen are so near) but the crosses here and there are not alike. No: it is not half so sweet an air. For it is the Dunghil of the Law, upon which are thrown the ruins of Gentry, and the nasty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect meddall of the iron Age, sithence nothing but gingling of keys rattleing of shackles, bolts, and grates are hear to be heard. It is the horse of *Troy* in whose womb are shut up all the mad Greeks that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (unlesse in prisoners bellies) is here truly to be proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it self, for the arrantest coward breathing, being posted hither, comes in three days to an admirable stomack. Does any man desire to learn musick; every man here sings *Lachryma* at first sight, and is hardly out; he runnes division upon every

note; and yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diviſion) doe trouble the Chuch. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you ask under what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both under one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iſland (like that) is haunted with Devils, it is not ſo: for thoſe devils (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Jaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelf: the Maſters ſide is the upper deck. They in the common Jayle lye under hatches, and help to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes, are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Judge the Pylot, a Councel the Purſer, an Arturney the Boatſwain, his fletting Clark the Swabber, Bonds the Waves, Out-lawries Guſt, the Verdict of Juries rough wind, Extents the Kocks that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this and

ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is moving miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeen (in any room) but ſcurvy beds and bare walls. But (not ſo much to diſhonour it) it is an Univerſity of poor Schollers. in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath been a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall find him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this

creature: he dwels on the back side of the World, or in the Suburbs of Society, and lives in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take over his head. To a man that walks abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*, That goes on the top of the world; and This under it. At his first comming in, he is a *peece of new coin*, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An old man and he are much alike, neither of them both goe farre. They are stillangry, and peevish, and they sleep little. He was born at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of Languages is onely in his mouth. All the Vacations, he speaks as good English, as any man in England, but in *Tearm times* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace into a *racking trot* of *Issues, Billes, Replications, Rejoynders, Demurres, Querelles, Subpena's, &c.* able to fright a simple Countrey fellow, and make him beleeve he Conjures. Whatsoever his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choler* or deep

Melan-

Melancholy, so that he needs every hour to take Physick to loose his body, for that (like his estate) is very *foul* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his stomack, give him five or six stools, and leaves his body very soluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. He is no sound man, and yet an utter Barrester (nay, a Sergeant of the Case) will feed heartily upon him; he is very good picking meat for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after he hath suffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made upon his body: for he is a kind of dead carkasse, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Jaylors* devour it: *Creditors* peck out his eyes with his own tears, *Lawyers* flay off his own skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Jaylors* are the *Prometheun Vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond-slave to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with safe conscience write himself

ſcience write himſelf a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of five or ſix colours, this day he prays that God would turn the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curſeth the time that ever he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſuit* it ſelf of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Pains. He hath many other laſting ſuits, which he himſelf is never able to *wear* out, for they *wear* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not half, ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the year long) in troub'eſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Sphear*. He lives between the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* and *Capricorn*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *honrs* for his *head*, if his wives heels be light. If he be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſoon as he comes in. Few (heer) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatſoever they bare before, here they give onely *Sables*. Whiles he lies

lies by it, he's travelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnows that lye unmelted in the middle of Summer. He is an *Almanack* out of date: none of his daies ſpeak of fair Weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot, and is no man of this world. He hath loſt his way, and being benighted, ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolves*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away*, without being devoured. He that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*; goes ſtill but a quoites caſt before this man.

A Cre-

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* sons begotten of a stone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye cross-legg'd doe much resemble *him*, saving that *this* is a little more *crosse*. He wears a forfeited bond under that part of his girdle where his *thumb* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welchman* does a *Leek* on S. *Davids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that such a gallant's come yesternight to Town, draws out of him both muscadel and money too. He saies the *Lords prayer backwards*, or (to speak better of him) he hath a *Pater noster* by himself, and that *particle*, *Forgiveus our debts*, *as we forgive others*, &c. heeither quite leaves out, or else leaps over it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conscience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very swiftly and with

with great judgement. He hath a *quick sent* to ſmell out his game, and a good *deep mouth* to purſue it, yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till he killes, or at leaſt draws *blood*, and then he pincheth moſt *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers Moyl, and the only beaſt upon which he *ambles* ſo often to *Weſtminſter*. And a Lawyer is his God *Almighty*, in *him* onely he truſts, to *him* he flies in all his troubles, from *him*, he ſeeks ſuccour; to *him* he prays that he may by his means overcome his enemies: *Him* does he worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by him and good *Angels*, to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scrivener is his *Farriar*, and helps to recover all his diſeaſed and maimed Obligations. Every Term he ſets up a *Tenters* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, upon which he racks and ſtretches Gentlemen like *Engliſh broadcloath*, beyond the ſtaple of the Wooll, till the threds crack, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrink, and preſently to wear *bars*: Marrie he handles

handles a Citizen (at least if himself be one) like a peece of *Spanish cloth*, gives him only a twich, and strains him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himself*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlain*, with his *blak* and *bloudy flag*. but to the other, his white one hangs out, and (upon the parley) rather than fail, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ransom*, and so lets him *march* away with *Bag* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purse is full of *Quicksilver*, and that sets him running from *Sun-rise* to *Sun-set* up *Fleet-street*, & so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, than back to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Atturney*, then to a *Concellour*, and in every of these places, he melts some of his *Fat* (his money.) In the Vacation he goes to grass, and gets up his *Flesh* again, which he bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd unless he could be sav'd by his book, he cannot for his heart

call

call for a *Psalm* of *Mercy*. He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearful *Mice* he catches, are debtors, with whom *scratching Asturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *Belly is an unsatiable creditor*, but *Man* worse.

A Sergeant

WAS once taken (when he *bare office* in his parish) for an honest man. The spawn of a *decayed Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Devil made sometime out of one of the twelve Companies, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his stage. The hangman and he are *twines*; onely the *hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without issue (as commonly he does

does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gown*, made at first to cover his knavery, but that *growing* too monstrous, he now goes in Buffe: his conscience and that being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughness. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the misery of a poor man (but especially a bad liver) is the Offalles on which he feeds. The Devil calls him his *white son*; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and he takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast the other *tortures souls*. *Money* is the *crust* he leaps at: *Cry a Duck a Duck*, and he plunges not so eagerly as at this. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing else, he hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, look you *Rogue* here is money. He goes *muffled* like a Theif, and carries still the marks of one, for he *steals* upon man *cowardly*, *Plucks* him by the Throat, makes him *stand* and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theif

is

is more *valiant* and more *honest*. His walks in Terme times are up *Fleet-street*, at the end of the Terme up Holborn, and so to Tyburn, the gallows are his purlues, in which the *Hangman* and *He* are *Quarter ringers*, the one *turns* off, and the other *cuts down*. All the vacation he lies imboag'd behind the lattice of some blind drunken, bawdy Ale-house, and if he spy his prey, out he leaps, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keeps his oath so *uprightly*; he never is forsworn, for he swears to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues so to his dying day. *Mace*, which is so comfortable to the stomack in all kind of meats, turns in his hand to mortall poison. This Raven pecks not out mens eyes as others do, all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the *Night-Mare* ride you, than this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath the reversion of his place. He will venture as desperately upon the *Pox* as any *Roaring boy* of them

all. For when he and his *mahone*, himself puts his in common bail at his own perill, and he pays him soundly for his labour; upon one of the Shrieffes Custards he is not so greedy nor so sharp set, as at such a shew-pot. The City is (by the custome) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, onely to keep them both in good heart, for not only those *Curs* at the *Dog-house*, but these within the walls, are to serve in their places in their several huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Teoman.

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* wears by his side, it is a false Die of the same

 Ball,

Ball, but not the same *Cut*, for it runnes some-what *higher*, and does more mischief. It is a *Tumbler* to drive in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knows not how to cut up a man without *tearing* but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleshes him, or a *Fleet-Street break-fast*. The *Devil* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the love he bears him, will leave him as much as if he were his own child. And for that cause (in stead of prayers) he does every morning at the *Counter-gate* ask him *blessing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choak the *fish*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* above water, which pops down so soon as ever the *bait* is swallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a tail as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more sharp, and he more hungrey because he does but snap, and hath not his full *half share* of the booty. The eye of this Wolf is as quick in his head, as a *Cut-*

Purse in a throng, and as nimble is he at his businesse, as an *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs do worry the sheep first, or drive him to the shambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat steps out afterwards, and that's his *Sergeant*. His living lies within the City, but his *conscience* lies *bed-rid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankrupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or else a sudden stab sends him of his last errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and suck more silver out of the wound than his *Surgeon* shall. His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruel Jaylor.

IS a creature mistaken in the making, for he should be a Tyger, but the shape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is covered; and he wears the vizor of a man, yet retains the qualities of his former hercenes, curriſhnes, and ravening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and thrown by, came this Jaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for he comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returns. Of all his bunches of keyes, not one hath wards to open that door; For this Jaylors ſoul ſtands not upon thoſe two Pillars that ſupport heaven, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather ſits upon thoſe two foot-ſtools of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Judges ſlave, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawn. In fighting

against a Debtor, he is a Creditors second; but obſerves not the laws of the *Duello*, his play is foul, and on all baſe advantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang up together, and are made very neer of the ſame mettle, ſaving that the one is harder than the other, and hath one property above Iron, for that never melts. He diſtils money out of poor-mens tears, and grows fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him than the beſt Acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſave all his priſoners that none ever eſcape, and to be ſaved himſelf. His ears are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his; and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one

one scale, and his sins on the other, he will lose the first, to find the second. He must look for no mercy (if he desires Justice to be done to him) for he shews none, and I thinke he cares the lesse, because he knows heaven hath no need of such Tenants, the doors there want no Porters, for they stand ever open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world to sleep every night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be ever in fear, and ever hated: what estate can be worse?

What a Character is

IF I must speak the School-masters language, I will confesse that Character comes of this Infinitive moode χαραξω which signifies to ingrave, or make a deep Impression. And for that cause

cause, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Those Elements which we learn first, leaving a strong seal in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreis, or short Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To square out a Character by our English levell, it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall cloze; it is wits descant on any plain song.

The Character of a happy life.

By SIR H. W.

HOw happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And silly Truth *his highest skill!*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Vnty'd unto the world with care
Of Princely love, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enriches none whom chance doth raise
Or vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise
Not rules of state, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, than gifts to lend;
Who entertains the harmlesse day,
With a well chosen Book or Friend.

This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of Lands;
And having nothing, he hath All.

An Es-

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour; and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall do my self much ease. Because valour never needs much wit to maintain it. To speak of it in it self, It is a quality which he that hath, shall have least need of: so the best league between Princes is a mutuall fear, of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lye insufferable, though being alone he finds no hurt it doth him. It leaves it self to others censures. For he that brags of his own, dissuades others from beleeving it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though he be generally held a fool, he shall seldome hear so much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more

than

than any spectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whose weakness is her prerogatives; or a man seconded with a woman, as an Usher which always goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witness of his own words, to stand to what-ever he hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law. It furnisheth youth with action, and age with discourse, and both by futures; for a man must never boast himself in the present tense. And to come neerer home, nothing draws a woman like to it, for valor towards men, is an Embleme of an abilitie towards women, a good quaintie signifies a better. Nothing is more behovefull for that sex, for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a shorter cut to obtaining, for a man of armes is always void of ceremonie, which is the wall that stands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, that is, man and woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our own baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant upon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale aſking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefuſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetorick, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which we would have them to be. This kind of baſhfulneſſe is far from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are ever men (without doubt) forward and confident, loſing no time leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover. And becauſe they know women are given to diſſemble; they will never beleive them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way known to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow Foreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were, held but of

ſtrength

rength enough to march their wild devis. And even in our days there can be given no reason of the inundation of Servingmen upon their Mistresses, but onely that usually they carry their Mistresses weapons, and his valour. To be counted handsome, just, learned, or welfavoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at least the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him safe in their armes, who hath escaped thither through many dangers. To speak at once, man hath a privilege in valour; In cloaths and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that sex will not think much (as far as an answer goes) to dissemble wit too. So then these neat youths, these women in mens apparell, are too near a woman to be beloved of her, they be both of a Trade, but he of grim aspect, and such a one a glasse dares take, and she will desire him for newnesse and variety. A scar in a mans face is the same that a mole in

womans; is a Jewel set in white to make it seem more white. For a scar in a man is a mark of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a scar and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit cloaths, or a good body; each of them I confess may work somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Rivall. A good face avails nothing, if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the utmost of it is to be kist, which rather encreaseth than quencheth Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends her word also, that he is a man of small gifts otherwise: for wooing by signs and tokens, imployes the author dumb. And if *Ovid* who writ the Law of Love were alive (as he is extant) would allow it as good a diversity, that gifts should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise than Love. Wit is not to be seen: and no woman takes advice of any in her loving; but

but of her own eyes and her waiting woman: Nay which is worse, wit is not to to be felt, and so no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a woman, makes her dissolve her simpering, and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholy. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Baw'd, and hopes to inveagle his love with such a coloured suit; surely the same deeply hazzards the losse of her favour, upon every change of his clothes. So likewise for the other that courts her silently with a good body, let me certify him, that his cloaths depend upon the comlinesse of his body, and so both upon opinion. She that hath been seduced by apparell, let me give her to wit, that men always put off their clothes before they go to bed. And let her that hath been enamoured of her servants body, understand, that if she saw him in a skin of cloath, that is, in a Suit made of the pattern of his body, she would see slender cause to love him ever

after

after: There is no cloaths sit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of steel, though not of the fashion, and no man so soon surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subject of all whispering, and hath alwaies twenty stories of his own deeds depending upon him. Mistake me not, I understand not by valour, one that never fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that wears a privy coat of defence, and therein is confident, for then such as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an even resolution grounded upon reason: which is alwaies even, having his power restrain'd by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must be a man of few words.

Certain Edicts from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; written by the Lady *Southwell.*

IN*primis*, He that hath no other worth to commend him, than a good Suit of apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his own behalf, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphick of his friends affection.

Item, that no foul-fac'd Lady ſhall rail on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeek by black calumniation to darken her fame, unleſſe ſhe be her corrivall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelf by the matchleſſe name of a friend, that loves upon condition, unleſſe he be a School-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keeps

keeps her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, unleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to ſet up ſhop again, becomes paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall ever after ſwear by his honour, but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that uſeth to paint, ſhall find fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture fair enough, unleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelf to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man whoſe vain love hath been rejected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and caſt her off, unleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo rejected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one hour in a day, unleſſe ſhe profeſs to be an Inginer

Item, that no Quarter waiter ſhall fe ed on cheeſe three quarters of a year

to feast on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* advice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is over enamoured of her ſelf, and thinks all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her back, and ſpin at a Barn-door to catch fools.

Item, he that ſweareth when he loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall think he hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſcivious diſcourſe, unleſſe he wear white for *William*, and green for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſt.

Item,

Item, he that professeth vertuous love to a woman, and gives ground when his vanity is rejected, shall have his bels cut off and flie so a Haggard.

Item, she that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her self, shall not refuse the name of an Hypocrite; and she that employes all her time in working trappings for her self, the name of a Spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquiry amongst her Gossips for new fashions, shall not refuse a stitcher for her second husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to love her, yet under hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his own vice hath given him, out of policie raile suddenly on her, for fear he be noted for a vicious fool: but to his friend in private he may say, that his judgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, and that he finds her wavering in good-

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to rail on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his judgement into queſtion; nor would he do it, but that he prefers truth even out of his own reach.

NEVVS

NEWS
From any whence.
OR,
Old truth, under a ſuppoſall of Noveltie.

Occaſioned by divers Eſſaies, and private paſſages of Wit, between ſundry Gentlemen upon that ſubject.

News from Court.

IT is thought here that there are as great miſerys beyond happineſs, as a this ſide it, as *bring in love*. That truth is every mans by aſſenting. That time makes every thing aged, and yet it ſelf, was

never but a minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devo urer of time is business: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To be saved, always is the best plot: and vertue always clears her way as she goes. *Vice* is ever behindhand with it self. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the means of begetting a man, hath more increast mankind than the end. That the madness of Love is to be sick of one part, and cured by another. The madness of Jealousie, that it is so dilligent, and yet it hopes to lose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in divers words. That the differance in the sense is their understanding. That the wisdome of *Action* is *Discretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of *Action* is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes use of what is. That every man is weak in his own humours. That every

every man a little beyond himself, is a fool. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly than ignorance. That the matter of greatness is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned up *Trump*. That custome is the soul of circumstances. That custome hath so far prevailed, that *Truth* is now the greatest news.

Sir *T. Over.*

Answer to the Court News.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refrain ill,

ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Salvation was laid before the plot of *Paradise*. That enjoying is the preparative to contemning. That he that seeks opinion beyond merit, goes just as far back. That no man can obtain his desires, nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study, men are more profitable than books. That mens loves are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to still ambition. That to be a King, is *Fawes Butte*, and *Fears Quiver*. | That the souls of Women and Lovers, are wrapt in the port-manque of their senses. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and Wisdome the woofe of the cloth; so that womens souls were never made up. That envie knows what it will not confess. That *Goodnesse* is like the art *Prospective*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Devil, are the three degrees of comparison That this News holds number, but not weight,

weight, by which couple all things receive form.

Country News.

THat there is most her, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greatest dishonesty. That the pitty of *Alasse poor soul*, is for the most part mistaken. That rost Beef is the best smell. That a Justice of Peace is the best relique of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Justice drawn blind, is turned the wrong way. That not to live too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wisdome descends in a race. That we love names better than persons. That to hold in Knights service, is a slippery service. That a Papist is a new word for a Traitor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is lost in the want of humility. That the puritane

tane perſecution, is as a cloud that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrymen, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier never attains his ſelf-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Emblem is a Hearn-dog. That many great men are ſoproud, that they know not their own Fathers. That love is the taile worm. That a woman is the effect of her own firſt ſame. That to remember, to know, and to underſtand, are three degrees not underſtood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing above a man. That fighting is a Servingmans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to live long, is to fill up the days we live. That the zeal of ſome mens Religion reflect form their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill

is

is the crosse and pile in the ayme of life. That the soul is the Lamp of the body, Reason of the Soul, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of Policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the Ornament. That Authority presseth down with weight and is thought violence: Policie trips up the heels, and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, he that is first out, finds ease, he in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that drives both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts a reckoning, not payment. That heaven is the easiest purchase, for we are the richer for the disbursing. That liberallity should have no object but the poor, if our minds were rich. That the mystery of greatnesse is to keep the inferiour ignorant of it. That all this is no News to a better

ten wit. *That the City cares not what the Country thinks.*

Sir T.R.

News from the very Country.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants, and others, which have been in fashion, and are very near worn out. That Justices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pon'd, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomack by walking on your own ground: and the thriftiest of laying it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here have the liberty of the house.

houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aſk, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Country, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall.* Thatonly Chriſtmaſs Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walls. That our carts are never worſe imployed, than when they are waighted onby Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like hairs in horſe tails, concurre in one rout of beauty and ſtrength; but being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſprindges and ſnares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world as cotton andſtones are both good caſting for an Hawk. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pild miſchief comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the Country, but his errand

rand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your own are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default. Favorites course her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not so unwholsome here; for none ever saw a Sparrow sick of the Pox. That here is no treachery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets. That Court-motions are up and down, ours circular, theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor return to the place which they rose from, but vanish and wear out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheeles, busie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes, we vicissitudes

I. D.

Answer

Answer to the very Country News

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dresser of his own sitting. That the five Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sin, the Lieutenant *Satan*, the custom-tribute Souls. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, do with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell under the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than those of *Frigida*. That *Policy* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and she is found with a wry mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much loving her own, becomes unnatural and [illegible]. That the soul in

ſome is like an egg; hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not believe, till the fair ſhell being broken, the ſtink appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperfices of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I living near the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spain*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kindome.

A. S.

News to the University.

A Meer Scholler is but a live book. Actions do expreſs knowledge better than words; ſo much of the ſoul is loſt as the body cannot utter. To teach, ſhould rather be an effect, than the purpoſe of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth is ſtrength; of the gray head, wiſdome; yet moſt condemn the follies of their own infancy, run after thoſe of the worlds, and in reverance of antiquity will bear an old error againſt a new truth. *Logick* is the *Herauldry* of Arts, and array of Judgement, none it ſelf, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meet not, muſt be either a ſkilfull ignorance, or a wild knowledge. Underſtanding cannot conclude out of mood and figure. Diſcretion contains *Rhetorick*; the next way to learn good

words, is to learn fence; the newest *Philosophy* is soundest, the eldest *Divinity*: *Astronomy* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honesty of the body without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sickness, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities, No kind in the world can perish without ruin of the whole. All parts help one another (like States) for particular interest: So in Arts which are but translations of nature there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it be drawn strong conclusions, to disprove all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct means brought to confirm any other controverted. The soul and body of the first man, were made fit to be immortall together: we cannot live to the one, but we must die to the other. A man and a Christian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next know-

ledge;

ledge; when we shall read the glory of God in his own face.

News from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to have no object of pleasure, and uniformity is a better prospect than variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where risings and fals, calms, and crosse gales are yours, in order and turne; fore winds but by chance. That it is the worst wind to have no wind, and that your smooth-fac'd Courtier, deading your course by a calm, gives greater impediment, than an open enemies cross gale. That levity is a vertue for many are held up by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite to rigge a ship, as a woman, and the more either is sought, the apter to leak. That to pumpe the one, & shreeve the other, is

alike noyſom. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes unfound; and that to puniſh and not prevent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leave the leak open. That it is beſt ſtriking Sail before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Haven is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Haven, no wind is friendly; and yet it is better to have no Haven, than ſome kind of one. That expedition every where to be bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke upon the water; and that the ſound of commodity drowns the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I have once in my life out gone night at Sea, but never darkneſs; and that I ſhall never wonder to ſe a hard world, becauſe I have lived to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt being ready to ſtarve for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, or falling foul one of another;

only

onely wtith my friend I will cloze. That faireſt field for a runing head is the Sea, where he may run himſelf out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leave more before than behind and all will be but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Ship under ſail be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Haven. That I care not what become of this frail Bark of my fleſh, ſo I ſave the paſſenger. And here I caſt Anchor.

FINIS.

Forrain News of the year 1622.

From France.

IT is delivered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, prove best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling down a mountain; a while it bears all before it have but that whiles patience you may pass it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans mind by his bodies gate: if this appear affected, apish and unstable: a wonder if that be settled.

That vain glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are upon termes o quittinge

quitting their Countries Allegeance to be made free Denisons of *England*. That tho' wounds of an ancient enmity have their scarres, which cannot be so well cloz'd to the sight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by connivence, sooner punish themselves by the subjects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That Kings hear truth oftner for the tellers, than their own advantge.

From Spain.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, fears most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men dispise them, than that they not fear

fear them That greatness is friuthful enough, when other helps fail, to beget on it self destruction. That it is a grosse flatring of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his own, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in Court and Country. That those are aptest to domineere over others, who by suffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition like a silly Dove flies up to fall down, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That even Galley-slaves, setting light by their captivity, find freedome in bondage. That to be slow in militaty business is to be so courteous, as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatness, more fear than hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called Veniall) ſin, is to paſſe in the rank of Cardinal vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſs beneficiall friends, that ſinne upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Jewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſh man to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it ſkils not where we live, ſo we take heed how we live. That greatneſs comes not down by the way it went up, there being often found a ſmall diſtance between the higheſt and the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſs at home than abroad regarded, while things that ſeem, are (commonly) more a farre off than at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the most profitable Bank, is the true use of a mans self, whilst such as grow mouldy in idlenes, make their houses their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lie buried in their wants, which had they means to their minds, would dare as much as those that with their better Fortunes over-top them. That professed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modesty, and spend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-fellowſhip is like to ſtick by that Nation as long as the multitude of offenders ſo benumes the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtain. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tail: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both prove his own too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That fear and a nice fore-caſt of every ſlight danger, ſeldome gives either faithfull or fruitfull counſel. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great than that over a mans ſelf.

From the Low Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his own life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the liklihood of good, provide for ill. That ſince pity dwels at the next dore to miſery, he liveth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with envy. That the evil fortune of the wars, as wel as the good, is variable.

News

News from my Lodging.

THat the best prospect is to look inward. That it is, quieter sleeping in a good conscience, than a whole skin. That a soul in a fat body lies soft, and is loth to rise. That he must rise betimes who would couzen the Devil. That *Flattery* is encreased from a pillow under the elbow, to a bed under the whole body. That *Policy* is the unsleeping night of reason. That he who sleeps in the cradle of security, sins soundly without starting. That guilt is the Flea of the conscience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in private, is nothing so convenient as a hang'd Traitor in publick. That the religion of *Papistry*, is like a curtain, made to keep out the light. That the life of most Women is walking in their sleep, and they talk their

dreams

dreams. That Chambring is counted a civiller quality, than playing at Tables in the Hall, though Serving-men use both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the year, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calm bed, hath his tempest within. That he who will rise, must first lye down and take humility in his way. That sleep is deaths picture drawn to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in sleep we kindly shake death by the hand; but wheniwe are awaked, we will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may doe it perfectly that few dare write the true news of their Chamber: and that I have more secre enough to tempt a strangers curiosity, or a servants discovery.

God gitie you good morrow.

B. R.

News of my morning Work.

THat to be good; the way is to be most alone, or the best accompanied. That the way to heaven is mistaken for the most Melancholy walke That the most fear the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a Court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of Charity. That the Devill is the perfectest Courtier. That innocencie was first Cousin to man, now guiltiness hath the neerest alliance. That sleep is Deaths Leiger-Ambassadour. That time can never be spent: we passe by it, can not return. That none can be sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes work for repentance, or the Devill. That patience hath more power than affliction. That every ones memory is divided into two parts: the part losing all, is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court lives in persecution, like Protestants in Spain. That predestination and costancy are alike uncertain to be judged of. That reason makes love the Serving-man. That vertues favour is better than a Kings favourite. That being sick, begins a suit to God; being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heaven, sickness the post horse. That worldly delights to one in extreme sickness, is like a high candle to a blind man. That absence doth sharpen love, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burns clear: that love often breaks friendship, that ever increaseth love. That constancy of women, and love in men is alike rare. That Art is truths Juggler That falsehood plays a larger part in the world than truth. That blind zeal, and lame knowledge, are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no Porter but resoluti-

on

on keeps fear out of minds. That the face of goodness without a body, is the worst wickedness. That womans fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worst *Hermaphredite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himselfe by being in acquaintance, is making good and ill men alike. That all this is news onely to fools.

Mist. B.

News from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folk here, that if a man die in his infancy, he hath onely broke his fast in this world: if in his youth, he hath left us at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threescore and ten: and he that lives to a

hundred yeers, hath walked a mile after supper. That the humble-minded man makes the lowest curtesie. That grace before meat, is our election, before we were: grace after meat our salvation when we are gone. The soul that halts between two opinions, falls between two stools. That a fool at the upper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. He that hates to be reprooved, sits in his own light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, and nature the cheapest guest. That sensible man and the silent woman, are the best discoursers. Repentance without amendment, is but the shifting of a foul trencher. He that tels a lie to save his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeve to spare his napkin. The tongue of a Jester is the Fiddler that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to every man that sits next him. A silent man is a covered messe. The contented man only is his own carver. He that

that hath many friends, eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion, cuts other men meat, and his own fingers. That the ſoul of a cholericke man ſits ever by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of adverſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the upper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluitie of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remain to the poor. That the envious keeps his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich fool amongſt the wiſe, is a gilt empty bowl amongſt the chriſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. That water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs me of my invention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcom when he is gone. The vain glorious man piſſeth more than he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of

the cup of blessing. To surfer upon wit, is more dangerous than to want it. He that's overcome of any passion, is dry drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith than the eye of reason. That rich glutton is better fed than taught. That faith is the elbow for a heavy soul to lean on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take physick. He that rises without thanksgiving, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, never washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meal of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to sup well, is to live well: and that's the way to sleep well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore,

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

News

News from the Church.

IT was thought heer, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye down there. That those that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodies to judgement. That we have spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Justice. That Christ when he went away, left good seed in his Church; and when he comes again, he shall find Christians, but not faith. That the Devill hath got upon us, the same way that he did at the first, by drawing shadowes over substance, as he did the body over the soul. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States use it, the Clergie live by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtream, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That every one looks to another, but not to himſelf. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heaven, that it is to be feared thy take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheat the Devill, to turn man the right ſide outward, and ſot the ſoul foremoſt again. That the ſoul may be too ranke, if we look not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, have fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceived, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoul muſt goe together, but the better before. That we have contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them out, as Devils. That thoſe which have thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gave them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt government, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controverſies, for the moſt part; leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelves. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad. That we have a

ſhorter

shorter cut to it; and a surer way than *Drake* had over the world, if we could find it out. That every man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is so, he is greater than a King. That every King is a briefe of his Land, and he hath a *Patterne* of the government of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that he gives unto his Nobles and Counsellors, is a charge; so is that which God gives him. That as he requires an account, so he must give. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subjects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That those that will not obey, are neither good Subjects, nor good men. That to obey well, it is as great a thing as to govern, and more mens duties. That those that think not so know not the Christians part, which is to suffer. That though States be naught, if they professe Religion, they may deliver many mensafe to Heaven, though they goe not themselves, and so they are like bad Ministers

ſters. That this is Gods uſe of both and of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame uſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelves. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to pluck down their Idols, and ſet up God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Covetouſeneſs, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſs, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſerving of our ſelves. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the devill makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a ſpirit, and therefore cunninger than we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maker. That this is the gift of God, which he giveth to all that are his. That it is increaſed by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and works the aſſurance. That thus the underſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoul of man, is made up again, and ſanctifies the

body

body. That so we are the members of Christ. That our Head is in Heaven, as a pawn, that where he is, we shall be. That there is no opinion but knowlede; for it is the Science of souls, and God the teacher.

News from the bed.

THat the bed is the Rendevou of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old fashion; for the first bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his best Counseller. That *Adam* lay in state, when the Heaven was his Canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eve* lay without sheets. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent,

dent, they were not ashamed the heavens should see them lie without coverlet. That it is likely *Eve* studied Astronomie, which makes the posterity of her Sex ever since to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it contains a whole world. That the five Sences are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the soul ever awakes to watch the body. That a jealous man sleepes dog-sleep. That sleep makes no difference between a Wise man and a Fool. That for all times sleep is the best bedfellow. That the Devill and mischief ever awake. That love is a dream. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dream, farthest off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreams and wishes had been all true, there had not been since Roperie, one Maid to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleeps ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreams of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the ungodlier Courtier will pull them down again. That ſleepers were never dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſs their women upon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humilitation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeak all it knows, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more than paper.

R. S.

News from Shipboard.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leak. That he that lives without Religion, ſayles without Compaſs. That the wantonneſs of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſs before a ſtorm. That the fool is Sea-ſick in a Calme, but the wiſe mans ſtomack endures all weathers. That paſſions in a fool, are Ordnance broken looſe in a ſtorm, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himſelf. That good Fortunes are aſoft quick-ſand, adverſity a rock, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in poverty a ready rig'd Ship, that lies wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buy of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it wereſoever it lyes. Wiſdome makes uſe of the croſſes of this world, as a ſkilfull Pilot of Rocks for Sea-markes to ſail by.

H. R.

News from the Chimney-corner.

THat wit is Brush-wood, judgement Timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yeelds the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that uphold their Clyents, till they burn each other to ashes: they receive warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a wise rich man is like the back or stock of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That House-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoak, and then nothing. A young fel-

fellow faln in love with a whore, is ſaid to be faln aſleep in the Chimney corner. He that leaves his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſet up and watch a coal. that the covetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choler is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beauty is like the bellows, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burn. That he that expounds the Scriptures upon the warrant of his own ſpirit only, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burn his own fingers. That the Lover keeps a great fire in's houſe all the year long. That devotion like fire in froſty weather burns hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toils to roaſt meat for other mens eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid to hold their hands to the Glo-Worme

instead of a coal for heat. That a Wise mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. That good deeds, in this life, are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were spoken in a Mask, and presented before his Majesty at *White-hall.*

Masculine.

1 *HE cannot be a Cuckold that wears a Gregorian.*	*For a Perriwig cannot fit such a head.*
2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honorable than a Knight made in the field.*	*For Furr art denorer than spurs.*
3 *A drunkard is a good Philosopher.*	*For he thinks a-right: the World goes round.*
4 *The Devil cannot take Tobacco through his Nose.*	*For St. Dunston seared up that with his tongs.*

5 *A Shoemaker is the fittest man in the parish to make a Constable.*	*For he (virtute officii) may put a man into the stocks and ease him at last.*
6 *A Prisoner is the best Fencer.*	*For ever he lies at a close ward.*
7 *An elder brother may be a wise man.*	*For he hath wherewithall to purchase experience at any rate.*
8 *Burgomasters ought not to wear fur Gowns at Midsummer.*	*For they may so bring in the sweating sickness.*
9 *A Cutpurse is the surest trade.*	*For his work is no sooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow than a maid.*	For Causa patet.

11 *Down-*

11 *Down-right language is the best to win a woman.* — *For plain dealing is a Jewel, and there is no Lady but desires to have her.*

12 *If a woman with child long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if he will not, she will do it without him.*

13 *A painted Lady best fits a Captain.* — *For so both may fight under their colours.*

14 *Rich widows were ordained for younger brethren.* — *For they being born to no lands, must plow in another mans soil.*

15 *'Tis dangerous to marry a widdow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man.* — *For she shall be sure to keep all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wise man will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning and tongues, is an admirable creature.*	*For a Star-ling that can speak is a present for an Emperour.*
19 *A great Lady should not wear her own hair.*	*For that is too mean, as a coat of her own spining.*
20 *A fair womans Neck should stand awry.*	*For so she looks as if she look't for a kiss.*
21 *Woman love fish better than flesh*	*For they will have place, whatsoever they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Usurer is the best Christian.*	*For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet & fidei.
23 *The best bodies should wear the meanest habits.*	*For painted clothes were made to hide bare walls.*

24 It is better to be a begger than to be a Merchant. { For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet he pays no Customs.

25 'Tis more safe to be drunk with the Hop than with the Grape. { For a man should be more inward with his Country man than with a stranger

26 A man deep in debt should be as deep in drink. { For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.

27 Plaiers houses are more necessary in a well governed Common-wealth, than Schools. { For men are better taught by example, than precept.

28 Tavernes are more requisite in a Country than Academies. { For it is better that the multitude were louing than learned.

29 A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdy house are Co-incidents. { For smoak is not without fire.

30 *Wealth is better then wit.*	*For few Poets have had the fortune to be chosen Aldermen*
31 *Marriage frees a man from care.*	*For then his wife takes all upon her.*
32 *A kennel of Hounds is the best consort.*	*For they need no tuning from morning to night.*
33 *The Court makes better Scholers than the Universities.*	*For when the King vouchsafes, to be a* Teacher, *every man blushes to be a* non-proficient.
34 *A nimble Page is more useful for a Lady than a long Gentleman-Usher.*	*For a Sparrow is more active than a bald Buzzard.*
35 *'Tis better to be a Coward than a Captain.*	*For a Goose lives longer than a Cock of the Game.*

The

The Mountebankes.

Receipts.

An Approved Receipt against Melancolly Feminine.

IF any Lady be ſick of the Sullens, ſhe knows not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and uſe them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieved, I know not which, and ſhe ſhall be cured, I know not when.

Againſt the Scurvy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may prove Scurvy; let him firſt forbear

clawing

clawing and fretting meats, and then purge choler, but by any means upwards.

For restoring Gentlemen-Ushers Legs.

If any Gentleman-usher have the consumption in his Legs, let him feed lustily upon Veale, two months in the Spring time, and forbear all manner of Mutton, and he shall increase in the Calf.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him travel to *Japan*; or because the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Elevation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any be troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawful use of his hand; let him but once use

use the exercise of swinging and stretch himself upon the soveraign Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will presently kill the *Felon*.

For a Tympany.

If a Virgin be so sick of *Cupid*, that the disease is grown to a *Tympany*, let her with all speed possible remove her self, changing Air for forty weeks at least, keeping a spare diet as she travels, alwaies after using lawful exercises, till she be married, and then she is past danger.

For Barrenness.

If any Lady be married, yet childlesse let her first desire to be a mother, and eat to her breakfast a new laid Egge in a spoonefull of Goats-milk, with a scruple of Ambergreese, and at supper feed on a *Hen*, troden but by one *Cock*; and above all things let her avoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, especially on the stones; and assuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt she shall fructifie.

For the falling sickness.

If any woman be troubled with the Falling sickness, let her first forbear Physick, especially Suppositories and Glisters: neither let her travel Westward Ho, because she must avoid the *Isle of Man*. And for that it is an evil Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charm, have alwaies her legs acrosse, when she is not walking, and this will help her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Estate, so that he cannot go abroad, let him decoct Gold from a pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from six moneths to six months, and he shall be as able a man as ever he was.

The

The Mountebanks Song.

IS any deaf? Is any blind?
Is any bound or loose behind?
Is any foul that would be fair?
Would any Lady change her hair?
Doe's any dream? do's any walk?
Or in his sleep affrighted talk?
I come to cure what ere you feel,
Within without from head to heel.

Be Drums or Ratiles in thy head?
Are not thy brains well tempered?
Does Eolus thy Stomach gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Dost thou desire and cannot please?
Lo, here the best Cantharides,
I come to cure what ere you feel,
Within without from head to heel.

Even all diseases that arise,
From ill disposed crudities.

From

From too much ſtudy, too much pain,
From lazineſſe and from a ſtrain;
From any humour doing harm,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warm.
Then come to me what ere, &c.

Of lazy Gout I cure the rich,
I rid the begger of the Itch,
I ſleam avoid both thick and thin,
I diſlocated joints put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And do a thouſand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The ſecond Song.

M*Aids of the Chamber, or of the kitch-*
If you be troubled with an itchin, (in
Come, give but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoon cure you.
Nor Galen, nor Hippocrates,
Did ever do ſuch cures as theſe.

Cracke

Cracht maids that cannot hold your water,
Or use to break wind in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Babes with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their horns.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

If lusty Sis, *Maid of the dairy,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her tail,
Ile give her that did never fail.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare over-ride her,
Or if she tell all in a Dream,
Ile help her for a messe of Cream.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

The third Song.

HEre's water to quench maiden fires,
Here's spirits for old occupiers,

Here's

Here's powder to preserve youth long,
Here's oyl to make weak sinewes strong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you do need?
Come to me (Gallants) taste and try,
Here's that will do, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preserve from fate,
This cures the Maleficiate;
Lost maidenheads this doth restore,
And makes them virgine as before.
What is't you lack, &c?

Here's cure for bone-ach, feaver burdens,
Unlawful or untimely Burdens,
Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or assuages.
What is't you lack, &c?

I have receipts to cure the Gout,
To keep Poxin, *or put them out,*
To cool hot bloods cald bloud to warm,
Shall do you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lack, &c?

FINIS.